new masses

MEMO:

Philip Murray says that the anti-labor bill is "the first real step to the development of fascism in this country."

Have you written to President Truman, your Congressman and Senators to stop the Taft-Hartley slave bill?

Act today!

THE CAMPUS WAS NEVER LIKE THIS

by JOSEPH NORTH

KOREA CLOSE-UP

by RALPH IZARD

REVIEWED IN THIS ISSUE

The Gentle Bush,
by Barbara Giles

Man Against Myth,
by Barrows Dunham

May 27, 1947

15¢ IN CANADA 20¢

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From Johannesburg to the Bronx

A STUMP rancher in the forests of the Rocky Mountains can't march in a May Day parade or do any of the many other things that mark this as a special day of world-wide democratic solidarity and determination. Nor does such a farmer as a rule have much in the way of material resources to support the things in which he believes, and his plans for the future of the family are mostly limited to the effort to see them well fed and decently clothed from day to day.

I am no exception, unless it is the exception of having received an uncommon series of economic misfortunes for several years. But I think the outlook for all of us would be less bright and our possessions, however small, would be more trifling if we allow the lack of money to silence the NEW MASSES in this time of world crises and decision.

It is impossible for me to make a money contribution that measures my estimation of the value of NEW MASSES, but I can do something as a token, and, in addition, offer the names of some friends who I feel might be interested also in the effort to maintain a free press that stands for people. Would it be possible to send each of them a fe- issues as an introduction? Wishing you m- cess for your efforts in behalf of the common people, I am,

Belton, Mont.

I ENCLOSE draft for $20 towa- fund drive. Although we in t- try have our own urgent demand-, that it is imperative that progressive in the US be kept not only alive also extremely vigorous so that they can the fight from day to day against We outside the States feel too the of Truman's imperialist policy. Our o- of fascists take heart when Ame-

perialist policies are being broadcast by our "intellectual" press, and so I consider it essential that NM be kept going.

Best of luck in your campaign—you must succeed!

H. F. S.

Johannesburg, So. Africa.

P.S. Will send a further contribution shortly.

I WAS shocked and grieved to read the bad news on page 7 of your issue of April 29. When you made the appeal I sent in $50, which was all I could afford. I contribute to many liberal causes which makes it impossible to give to any the amount I should like to and that each merits.

Your appeal in the current issue gives me no choice, however, than to give again. I enclose two checks. One for $100 is my own contribution. The other check, $35, is for contributions I solicited today.

I have taken NM for many years. It seems to me it is even better than it ever was. Or perhaps my appreciation of it is more intelligent. And most definitely there never was a time when we could so ill afford to have it disappear.

C. H. C.

Berwyn, Ill.

I MAKE the motion that everybody who is able will donate one day's pay to NEW MASSES. I second that motion by sending my two days' pay of $25.

Thermopolis, Wyo. A. H.

ENCLOSED is M.O. for $10, which is the best I can do in this critical period, but I'm bound to support the fight against fascism in the US as best I can. My eyes are growing dim and old age is getting hold of me.

Lagineau, Mich. E. P.

ENCLOSED is $10 money order for my April and July pledges. I'm sorry I'm delinquent on my April pledge. It shall not happen again.

W. H. W.

Honolulu, Hawaii.

ENCLOSED you will find the return card and five dollars. I am sorry I cannot send more now, but as I am a student, I have not financial independence to give more. But I am trying to get my friends at school and in the organizations I belong to to help save NEW MASSES.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank NEW MASSES for the wonderful work it has done fighting and strengthening the fight for a better America and a free and peaceful world. Almost alone NEW MASSES has fought consistently the aims of fascist Americans to destroy America. NM holds a unique position—not only in the minds but in the hearts of the freedom-loving peoples of the world.

Especially brilliant were the recent articles on the philosophy of John Dewey by Dr. Lamont and Dr. Selsam, the Richard Boyer article on why the British distrust American foreign policy, E. G. Flynn's Jim Larkin tribute, the excerpts from Maxim Gorky and the drawings of Gropper, Keller, and the magnificent woodcuts of Jose Venturelli.

Being a student, I was very happy to read that Joseph North is starting a series of articles on campus life. I would like to see more such articles, not only about the youth in the universities, but the youth at work (part-time or full-time), the varied youth organizations and what they are doing for or against a progressive America, especially about the fine anti-fascist American Youth for Democracy.

D. J. L.

Bronx, N. Y.

These are heartening -typical of many others we get from all pe- he country. Thanks to the response that cam- week, this issue of NM is back to full size, 32 -ges. In fact, it was the best week of the ent- l drive, our readers and friends contributing -t. Thanks a million. And we also want to th- friends in Burbank, Cal., Miami Beach and Detroit who arranged affairs recently that helped a lot.

The total in the drive to date is $18,980—still a long way from the goal of $40,000 we need to keep us going and growing in the coming months. We have no assurance of being able to publish even the next issue. Carry on!

THE EDITORS.

(Fill out the coupon on page 25)

Two weeks' notice is required for cha- -ess. Notification sent to NEW MASSES rather than the Post Office will give the best results. Vol. LXIII, No. 9. Published weekly by THE NEW MASSES, INC., - Street, New York 3, N. Y. Copyright, 1947, THE NEW MASSES, INC. Reg. U. S. Patent Office. Washington Office, 802 F St. NW, Room 28. Drawings - -ay not be reprinted without permission. Entered as second-class matter June 23, 1926, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 18- -opies 15 cents. Subscriptions $6.00 a year in U. S. and Possessions and Mexico; six months $3.50; three months $2.00. Foreign, $7.00 a year; six months $- - months $2.25. In Canada $6.50 a year, $4.00 for six months, U. S. money; single copies in Canada 20 cents Canadian money. NEW MASSES welcomes the - new writers and artists. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by stamped, addressed envelope.

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Youth comes to us wanting to know what we propose to do about a society that hurts so many of them. There is much to justify the inquiring attitude of youth. You have a right to ask these questions — practical questions. No man who seeks to evade or avoid them deserves your confidence.—FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

THE CAMPUS WAS NEVER LIKE THIS

by JOSEPH NORTH

This is the first in a series of articles by NM's editor reporting on a recent tour of the colleges.

HARD by the Gothic tower sprawls the trailer village which has irrevocably altered the topography of America's university life. There lives the veteran turned scholar.

Everywhere I traveled, from Yale to Wisconsin—and I spoke on a dozen campuses—the phenomenon repeated itself: within earshot of the college chimes stood the barracks, the Quonset hut. "Vetsburg" was generally located on a meadow now churned into a mudflat by the May rains, across which the ex-GI, his textbooks under-arm, sloshed to the classroom while his wife fussed about in the prefabricated kitchen preparing the stew, mending the shirt, ceaselessly engaged in the minutiae of careful housekeeping to live within the submarginal budget. In thousands of instances the wives, too, were undergraduates, many of them WAC or WAVE veterans. And everywhere I encountered newlywed wives who have hunted up jobs to enable their veteran husbands to go to school. On the campus at Yale I saw a student in his aviator's short leather jacket leading one child by the hand, toting another on his shoulders. I peered through the windows of the trailer camp at the University of Wisconsin to see a vet poring over his books while his wife bent over a crib. At that university a young mother proudly showed me a nursery school for veterans' children rigged up within the trailer camp on the students' initiative.

For most, both married and single, the daytime hours are a continual jog from classrooms to the restaurants where they wait on table or to dank basements where they tend furnace, or to any available task that will eke out the pennies to make ends meet. Over a million and a half of America's three million college students are former soldiers: nearly half of them are married, and well over a quarter are parents. Most of them strive to live within the provisions of the GI Bill of Rights—$65 a month for the single, $90 for the married. "Have you ever tried to concentrate on Hegel," one of them asked me, "with the wolf howling at the door?"

I sat in the Quonset hut at one university while the veteran (three years in the Pacific) described his life. He had the florid young face of a Michigan farm-boy but the forehead was already creased with care and the eyes bore the tell-tale circles of little sleep. "I operate a telephone at one of the frat houses," he said. "I get seventy cents an hour and work twenty-one hours a week. I'm considered lucky. But the job plays hell with my study time. I go to class from nine to two: then I work from four to eleven. Straight through. No breaks. I get home about midnight. And I have to be up in time to make class at nine. When do I study? Well, I work every other day, so that on alternate afternoons and evenings I can study. I need at least six hours at the books to catch up. One afternoon a week I try to get to my AVC [American Veterans' Committee] meeting. I can't always make it, what with the damned telephone and study. But I do my best. I'm majoring in history and English, hope to get a job teaching in college. I don't know whether I can stick it out, though. I haven't got folks that supplement my subsistence pay and this job plays hell with my studies."

He brushed his hair from his forehead in a touchingly boyish gesture that belied the three years of hunting and killing men from Okinawa to the Philippines. "I don't know," he said. "Sometimes I wonder if it's worth it. I don't think the GI Bill was passed to torture you. It's rugged. I haven't got time for any fun, no time even for a game of ball to stay in trim; I haven't got cash to buy books I want to read outside of my allotted studies. I haven't been to a movie in four months; I don't even know whether Dorothy Lamour is still wearing her sarong or not—and that's a hell of a fix," he said wryly. "I haven't got time for anything except the grind. It keeps me so busy I can't even be a first-rate campus citizen and carry through my job in AVC or any other

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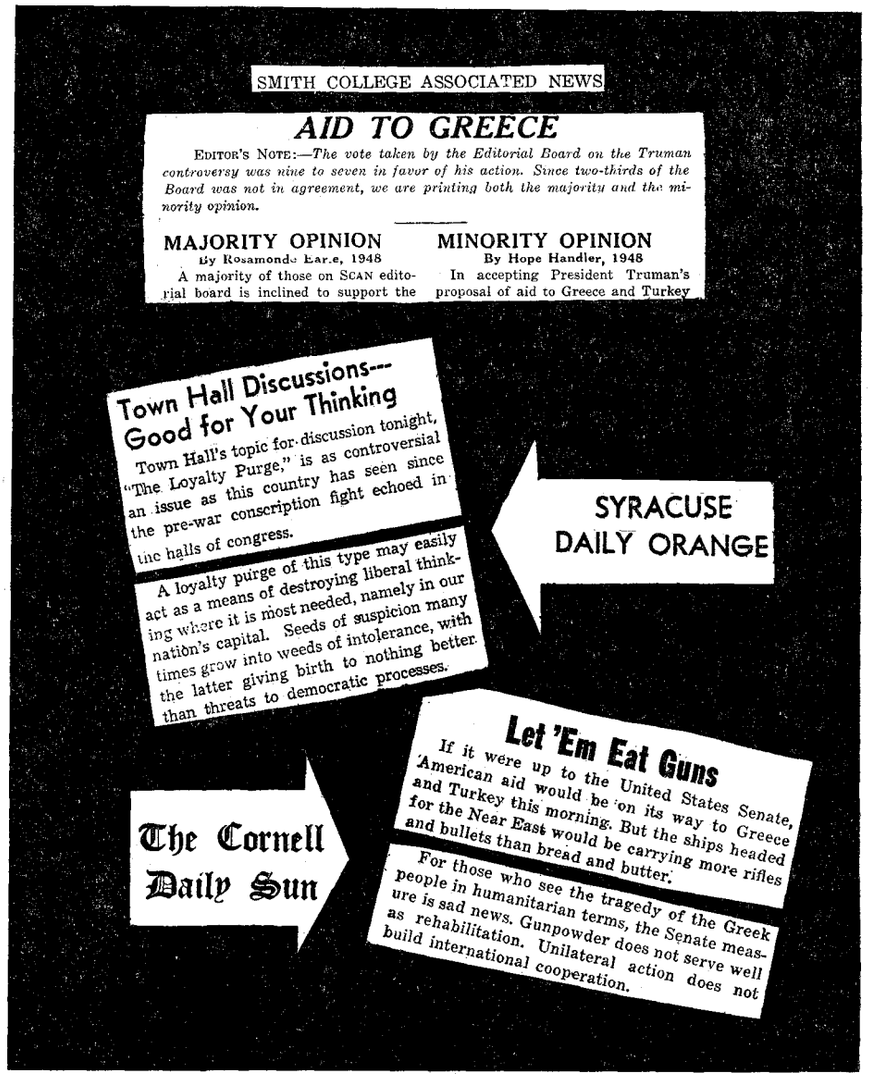
campus organization I'd like to belong to."

The rain beat a monotone on the tin roof of the Quonset. "Sometimes I wonder whether they're keeping us so busy on purpose. It does keep us out of a hell of a lot that some people would call mischief. It's hard to keep abreast of the Truman Doctrine when you're hunting for ham and eggs. Yes," he mused, "I wonder sometimes whether it's worth it. It's rugged, brother."

WELL over 1,500,000 have pondered the question as this lad has and have decided to stick it out, though some 300,000 have already been obliged to fall away because subsistence allotments have proved inadequate. Jobs, in most localities, are next to impossible to find; and poverty finally drove many a veteran from the campus. Authoritative surveys have shown that the student veteran, unless he gets help from home, cannot get along on his present allowance. Take Gordon Hanna's testimony, for instance. Commander of the American Legion Post at Michigan State College, he testified before a Congressional committee that a survey of thirteen colleges in Michigan indicated the married vet spends an average of $154.58 a month, and the single vet cannot manage on less than $106. And he insisted that part-time employment cannot be the solution. The average time worked by those who had found jobs at his university dropped from fifteen hours a week in October, 1946, to seven hours a week in March, 1947. Moreover, more than forty-five percent of those working insist that the job impairs their studies. William M. Haydon, of the University of Michigan, followed Hanna with testimony that sixty-eight percent in his institution reported that work damages study and scholastic achievement.

Most veterans who put aside what they regarded as a tidy sum have exhausted their savings as the cost of living has spiraled upward. They resent the time lost on jobs—working means lighter courses, time wasted. And the earmark of the colleges today is the sense of dreadful hurry. The war has robbed them, they feel, of two, three, four years, and they want to get out, get that job, rear that family, and make a decent contribution to America's life.

Nonetheless, student veterans lead their classes: a tribute to their deadly


SMITH COLLEGE ASSOCIATED NEWS
AID TO GREECE
EDITOR'S NOTE:—The vote taken by the Editorial Board on the Truman controversy was nine to seven in favor of his action. Since two-thirds of the Board was not in agreement, we are printing both the majority and the minority opinion.
MAJORITY OPINION
By Rosamonde Earle, 1948
A majority of those on SCAN editorial board is inclined to support the
MINORITY OPINION
By Hope Handler, 1948
In accepting President Truman's proposal of aid to Greece and Turkey
Town Hall Discussions--- Good for Your Thinking
Town Hall's topic for discussion tonight, "The Loyalty Purge," is as controversial an issue as this country has seen since the pre-war conscription fight echoed in the halls of congress.
A loyalty purge of this type may easily act as a means of destroying liberal thinking where it is most needed, namely in our nation's capital. Seeds of suspicion many times grow into weeds of intolerance, with the latter giving birth to nothing better than threats to democratic processes.
SYRACUSE DAILY ORANGE
Let 'Em Eat Guns
If it were up to the United States Senate, American aid would be on its way to Greece and Turkey this morning. But the ships headed for the Near East would be carrying more rifles and bullets than bread and butter.
For those who see the tragedy of the Greek people in humanitarian terms, the Senate measure is sad news. Gunpowder does not serve well as rehabilitation. Unilateral action does not build international cooperation.
The Cornell Daily Sun

earnestness. A professor at Syracuse told me that the single vet studies harder than the youth fresh out of high school without war experience; that the married vet studies harder than the single man; and that the married vet with a kid or two studies harder than all combined. Yes, they are in deadly earnest, and most show phenomenal staying powers. Moreover, all indications point to another million who will make their way to the campus in the next year or two. As Jessie Nemtzow, chairman of the Intercollegiate Veterans' Coordinating Committee, testified before Congress: "We veterans have no desire to be a burden on the populace. We are simply trying to fulfill the purpose of the GI Bill in providing a group of trained scientists, professionals and technicians to meet the disruptive effects of the war years."

And so they jam the classrooms and the amphitheaters, spilling over into the aisles and onto the railings. I frequently encountered professors whose classes had grown from some thirty-five or forty to three and four hundred. This, in turn, has evoked a crisis in the faculties which also suffered a depletion in trained personnel because of the war. And as Dean De Vane of Yale told me, "We never caught up, in this regard, to the havoc of World War I, let alone World War II." And so many a graduate student barely out of college has been pressed into service teaching men who are, in many cases, his seniors. Personal attention to the student is next to impossible. And yet college life rolls on, double its pre-war size, like a swollen stream during spring floods.

This, in predominant measure, is University Town, USA, 1947.

EZRA CORNELL, and his admirable generation of educational pioneers, could scarcely have foreseen this contingency and there is some doubt on the campus whether he would have

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approved. There are many among the students and even among the faculty who believe he would have welcomed this tremendous influx into the universities and the consequent alteration of the campus in which one of every two college students is a veteran. Willy-nilly, whether it was planned that way or not, higher education has become the bright goal of a greater proportion of our sons and daughters than ever before. And it is not only a matter of quantity: quality enters into it too. Life has hardened the greater portion of our undergraduate millions into early maturity: these are not college *boys*, they are college *men*. This has evoked considerable uneasiness among many graybeards on the faculties, who yearn for the bygone days of relative tranquillity when the social whirl and the varsity letter crowded scholarship. But today, though scholarship continues to be the undergraduate's prime motivation (the Secretary to the President at Cornell, Edward Graham, showed me statistics proving the veteran to be a far better student than he was in pre-war days) the world has barged in on the campus. I don't say Plato, Aristotle, Newton, Goethe, Spinoza and Einstein have moved away, but the workaday world has moved in. Such disturbing issues as subsistence, depression, foreign policy, trade unionism, academic freedom, stalk irresistibly across the green. And they won't go away. These issues come to class every day and insist upon a tangibility at least as real as the ablative case or the quantum theory.

Inevitably, one contrasts the campus today with his own college days: I remembered mine at the University of Pennsylvania. Though I chanced to be one of the relatively few who worked for a living while a student, I recall vividly the general campus atmosphere. Most were preoccupied with the social whirl of the fraternity and the five-letter man was the university hero. (I wonder what became of Mike Dorizas?) The football game on Thanksgiving Day topped all other red-letter days.

Oh, there might have been a Liberal Club—there generally was—but it resembled today's campus organizations the way a boy in knee pants resembles a man. We had nothing to compare with the AVC, or the hundreds of independent local veterans' organizations that have sprouted on the campus far outnumbering AVC's membership. These latter began as social outfits, became involved in campus problems such as housing and subsistence, and today lead a vital political existence. In my time only a few scattered individuals would dream of taking a turn on the picketline with neighboring strikers: today whole organizations show up for student-labor cooperation. (This drastic change began, of course, during the Thirties when you saw revolts against such characters as Umbrella Robinson, the ineffable president of the College of the City of New York.)

In my time, too, the thinking was crassly middle-class in nature, and, as Dean De Vane told me, the student of the Twenties was inspired by the dream of the broker. A Wall Street career juggling the ticker-tape was the summit of man's ambition — until 1929. Today's student can give you the name of the CIO president quicker than he can that of the head of J. P. Morgan & Co. Which is not to say that the student of 1947 is not primarily of the middle class; but he has changed, as has a great portion of today's middle class. Ignorance of labor, and bias against it, is far less pronounced in the university now than it was in the halcyon Twenties. After all, a world depression and a world war in one generation left its mark on campus as well as off. We were truly college boys then, with almost mystical faith in the sheepskin and the degree which would, somehow, unlock the doors to blinding success after Graduation Day. Many more students went to college to meet the right people than to study the right ideas. We were insular, provincial, ignorant. Who ever dreamed of Okinawa, Buna, Aachen, Anzio, Pantelleria? How many saw London, Tokyo, Paris, Berlin? And the campus reflected our relatively sheltered, small-bore experience.

IT IS a serious campus today: uneasy, disturbed, restless, brooding. This goes for practically everybody—from the post-adolescent freshman abashed by his green youth among his fellows who have dropped bombs, steered tanks, plunged bayonets—to prexy and the dean emeritus. Never before, I was told—and what I witnessed underscored the testimony—has there been such questioning. One dean told me the GI student won't take anybody's word for anything. The professor must stand his ground, must prove his case. And, I was told, many a vet has carried over his attitude toward the brass in his attitude toward the faculty. Skepticism is general: values are endlessly challenged. It is difficult for tradition to dragoon anybody into orthodox attitudes.

The graduate student in physics at Cornell shrugged his shoulders and asked me: "What use will be made of my knowledge? Will it be to drop more atomic bombs on crowded cities?" And he pointed out this significant fact: that the science student has overtaken and surpassed the man in the liberal arts as the civic-minded campus leader. "Hiroshima," he explained. The Chicago sophomore who met the Russian as ally near Berlin asked me if he will meet him again near Athens as enemy. The economics student at Smith, pert and fresh as the tulips blooming on the campus fringe, wondered if a woman could get a job when the depression—which she saw as inevitable—got underway. "I don't remember 1929," she said, "but I studied it and I wonder if any of us will get jobs, men or women." The junior at Queens who heard Councilman Quinn shout down President Klapper, threatening the scholar ("You don't deserve the job if you can't stand on your own feet") wondered if fascism would seize our nation as it had Germany. At Yale some 800 students gathered on the campus, at a meeting to discuss the Truman Doctrine, and adopted a resolution almost unanimously, condemning it. At Wisconsin AVC students seeking signatures to a petition to boost their subsistence pay, criticizing the present GI provisions, got 10,000 names.

While I was at Syracuse a student who came to my meeting showed me that day's issue of the Syracuse *Daily Orange*, which carried a front-page story with the following lead: "Asserting that his statement about 'black, kinky-haired, thick-lipped individuals of inferior mentality' in the citizenship textbook was a matter of personal opinion, Dr. Philip Taylor of the Political Science Department yesterday defended himself against the action taken by [the campus] NAACP's anti-discrimination committee." And incidentally, the Cornell campus, with less than 100 Negro students out of some 9,000, has an NAACP of about 400 members. Impatience with racism is far more prevalent among the students than among our off-campus citizenry, and, I learned, remarkably heartening strides toward equality have been taken among the student bodies

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south of the Mason-Dixon line. "The bullet didn't ask the color of a man's skin," is the way the veteran commonly sums it up. This goes for a large sector of the college populace. Veterans of a vast experience, they are prepared to grapple with vast issues.

Indeed, there was something ludicrously pathetic about the front page of the Cornell *Sun* I saw while I was there: a four-column head on Marshall's report about the Moscow conference dominated a timid single-column box beneath announcing a poll on the issue of whether the freshman should wear the traditional cap. I have yet to meet the veteran who displayed a transcendant interest in the matter.

In brief, the ancient contradiction between town and gown is almost obliterated. Like it or not, university life has been changed irrevocably by the war. Senator Vandenberg's florid sentiments in Congress echo across Cayuga's beautiful waters and resound on Wisconsin's Hill. William Green and Philip Murray are perhaps more palpable than Thucydides or Cicero.

Yes, when you take the little cap off the student's head and put a helmet on it, something happens underneath.

I SPOKE on a dozen campuses to hundreds of students, many of whom came to hear a Communist for the first time in their lives. I gave my initial talk the day after J. Edgar Hoover, the current authority on university life, issued his diatribe against American Youth for Democracy. I can attest to this: the pro-fascists have not, as yet at least, succeeded in establishing their propositions as the law of the campus. Academic freedom is no corpse. The students came to hear the Communists' side of the story. My topic was: "How Can the Communist and Liberal Cooperate?" Most university youth regard themselves as liberal, and they are—they sense this issue as one of transcendant importance. They are, by and large, zealous protagonists of the university tradition of academic freedom. And they are not blind to the truth that democracy is indivisible. They resent any effort to dragoon them into unreasoning bias on any issue. Their questions at my meetings naturally reflected many of the shibboleths disseminated by the press and the broadcaster but they were, in the main, earnest, honest, searching. Their minds are not closed.

Everywhere, I asked them, as students, to go to primary sources for their information, and then to make up their own minds. I urged them not to accept the word of the pro-fascist on the Communist, nor, indeed, necessarily to accept my word concerning the Communists. I asked them to go to the record, an honorable American custom, and I indicated that record and where they could get verification. Most found this fair enough, and I was gratified that those who had plied me with what appeared the most belligerent questions crowded around me after practically every meeting, showered me with further questions and invited me out to the nearby tavern to continue the talk well into the morning hours.

From these talks, and from conversations with campus leaders, it was not hard to discern the principal issues in the universities, which I shall detail later. Most of those with whom I spoke came to see, I believe, that the issue of communism is a vast smokescreen designed to prevent the reassembling of all pro-Roosevelt Americans for durable peace, for the Economic Bill of Rights. For example, at the University of Chicago, where I debated an American Civil Liberties Union lawyer who argued the negative on the issue of Communist and liberal cooperation, the sentiment at the close of the meeting was overwhelmingly in favor of restoring the Roosevelt coalition. And that connoted, specifically, the cooperation of all who believe in the Bill of Rights and the Constitution as the cornerstones of our democracy, which, naturally, included the Communist. As a tow-headed veteran said, rising to his raw-boned six-foot-two height, addressing my opponent: "The issue as I see it is this: when you ask 'Can Communist and liberal cooperate?' the question rapidly becomes 'Can liberal and liberal cooperate?'" He cited the divisive effects of the Red-baiting within the campus post of the AVC. When one begins screening, he argued, the issue suffers, is lost sight of. "You ask only whether Communists are for it, and if so, you are opposed." That, he insisted, leads to disaster. He said he favored "sticking to the issue" regardless of the label stuck on its proponents or opponents. "If it seems reasonable to me, I am for it, and I will work with anybody, whoever he is, to win on that issue."

This is not to say his position proved the pattern everywhere. Every meeting had its quota of students whose questions reflected the libels of the press and the calumnies of the professional anti-Communists. Every meeting had its claque of "Biz-Ad" (Business Administration) boys, its purblind Social Democrats of the Dubinsky-inspired variety, its Trotskyite. But in the main I felt, as others did, that most of the questions were honestly posed, in the sense that the students want to hear what the Communist himself has to say about it. Isn't that academic freedom, that most precious quality of

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the campus? they asked. They listened to reason, and by and large I found that to be the earmark of the campus citizen. He wants to listen to reason.

HENCE I found a growing desire to know more about Marxism, more about the world outlook of those currently under the hottest fire of the powerful, the intrenched. Hence, at Yale, close to 200 students came to hear a Communist speak, and at my meeting formed a John Reed Club for the discussion and study of Marxism. In a world ringing with the anti-Marxist hullaballoo, growing numbers deem it sensible to know the whys and wherefore for themselves. Hence some twenty Marxist study clubs—which include Marxists and non-Marxists—have been formed in recent months. And within them those known to be Communists are regarded with respect—for their integrity and their courage—and, in most instances (because Communist students believe Marxists must prove themselves as serious participants in every field they undertake) for their academic standing. I cannot overlook the respect accorded such Communists on the campus as Jack Gore of the University of Michigan, Hans Freistadt of the University of Chicago and Bob Fogel of Cornell. Hard-working, diligent, public-spirited citizens of the campus, they are proving their contention that Marxists are patriots, all the more so because they are Marxists. They stand in the van of all concerned with campus issues.

And the principal issues, my travels revealed, are the following: subsistence and housing, the quest for peace and prosperity, academic freedom, and an end to discrimination against Negroes, Jews, Catholics: the loathesome *numerus clausus* which everybody knows operates, but which none in authority will admit.

These are big issues, and they merge, inevitably, with those off-campus. The Boards of Trustees (invariably representing, in the main, big business) are doing their damndest to impede that merger. Rankin and J. Edgar Hoover, also, know the score. Hence the current frenzied campaign against academic freedom which began with the effort to drive American Youth for Democracy from the campus. The AYD, indubitably in the van of those politically aware on the campus, already has a record which it can regard with pride: its membership has worked to advance the interests of the student, his bread-and-butter needs, his scholarship facilities, his identification with progress everywhere. Its membership understands that the university cannot be an island, separated from the political and economic mainland of off-campus life. Hence the AYD includes the most forward-looking of students —both Marxist and non-Marxist— who have banded together for their common interests. They regard all categories of campus life as important— the Greek letter societies and the veterans' organizations, the religious and the academic groups. And they propose that all cooperate in working unity for objectives that will make them better students and better citizens.

This is, of course, anathema to those powers which seek to recreate the world in the image of Senator Taft. Hence their offensive against AYD— an offensive which, as numerous college newspapers contend, represents an assault upon all—the faculty as well as the student, the NAACP as well as the Jewish Hillel, the SLID (Student League for Industrial Democracy) as well as the campus PCA. They are hacking away at the very roots of academic freedom, which, history has shown, is a pretty hardy plant. They seek to drive every vestige of liberal thought from the campus. Not, indeed, to create a political vacuum. They know that in this world of 1947 that is impossible. But they aim to replace progress with reaction: to create a campus mind with all the characteristics of Congressman Rankin, J. Edgar Hoover, Vandenberg, Taft, Henry Luce. They want a fascist student, not a liberal student.

That is the transcendant issue on the campus today.

Mr. North's next article in this series will discuss the current drive against academic freedom.

May Day, New York: two sketches by Joseph Hirsch.

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CLOSE-UP of KOREA

Secretary Marshall's stated objectives are viewed in the light of what is happening in that country.

By RALPH IZARD

The writer was formerly a "Yank" staff correspondent in Korea.

AFTER more than a year of hunger, unemployment and economic stagnation for the people of Southern Korea (the American zone), Secretary of State Marshall proposed a reconvening of the Soviet-American military commission that adjourned *sine die* May 8, 1946. His proposal has been accepted by Soviet Foreign Minister Molotov, and discussions looking toward an end to the present partition of Korea were scheduled to begin this week.

In a recent letter to Molotov, Secretary Marshall stated the aims of American policy in Korea to be: "(1) . . . Establishment as soon as practicable of a self-governing, sovereign Korea, independent of foreign control and eligible for membership in the United Nations. (2) . . . That the national government so established shall be representative of the freely-expressed will of the Korean people. (3) To aid the Koreans in building a sound economy as an essential basis for their independent and democratic state."

These are noble objectives. Carried out in practice they would long ago have vanquished the fear and hatred of the rule of the United States Armed Forces in Korea (USAFIK) which smoulders now just beneath the surface. Effectively applied even today they would in time restore that warm friendliness for Americans which the people of southern Korea demonstrated in such overwhelming measure during the first few days of the occupation.

In answer to Secretary Marshall's first point, however, it must be pointed out again that a "self-governing, sovereign Korea" was in existence before the first American soldier ever stepped ashore at Chemulpo. That government had nominated a complete slate of provisional officers, who were to have governed until elections could be held in March, 1946. They included Rhee Syngman, who had spent thirty years of impotent exile in Washington and Geneva, as president; Kim Koo and others from the self-appointed "provisional government of Korea" that had been based in Shanghai and later Chungking; other exiles from Siberia, Manchuria and Yenan; and those political leaders who had distinguished themselves by organizing and leading the undying struggle against Japan from within their own country.

That this People's Republic of Korea was representative of the freely-expressed will of the Korean people was many times proved in the early days of the occupation. In order to test the political temper of the people, elections were permitted in certain southern counties and towns by Lt. Gen. John R. Hodge, USAFIK commander. Each election resulted in sweeping victories for the nominees of the People's Republic. After this convincing demonstration of support for the republic, no more elections were permitted.

As to Secretary Marshall's third objective, aid to the Koreans "in building a sound economy as an essential basis for their independent and democratic state," unification of Korea would make such aid, financial or otherwise, relatively secondary. The Korean people possess the most advanced, concentrated, diversified and highly productive industry in all East Asia. They built it themselves as the virtual slaves of imperial Japan.

But nearly all of this industry lies north of the 38th Parallel, in the Soviet zone. Edwin W. Pauley, making an official tour of investigation early in 1946 for President Truman, found even then that the great integrated iron, coal and steel center at Kyomip'o was roaring with production for peace; that ten factories at Pyang-yang had been restored to full production, along with nine in Hamheung, and another seven at Won-san. And for the first time in Korean history, peasants were fertilizing their land with phosphates and other products of the great chemical factory at Heung-nam, instead of the traditional and noxious "night soil."

Peasants living north of the 38th in the Soviet zone are no longer tenants on the land. The People's Committees of Northern Korea are completing a wide and sweeping program of land distribution and satisfying for the first time in history the Korean peasant's ancient hunger for land. All the industries in the northern zone are now operated in the name of the Korean nation by these same People's Committees and the trade unions. The logic of necessity compelled both land distribution and nationalization of industry. This is in glaring contrast to the course which has been followed in the American zone to the south.

COMPARED to the north, the southern zone is industrially poverty-stricken. It has a few low-grade coal mines, some textile mills owned by Korean quislings, two airplane assembly plants to which title is held by Korean collaborators, and a number of food-processing plants, fisheries, etc., that were the property of the Oriental Development Company, controlled by the Japanese. The quislings and collaborators are protected by American arms. The food-processing plants, fisheries, warehouses, shops and vast holdings of arable land formerly owned by ODC have now been taken over by an American military corporation, the New Korea Company, Ltd. But somehow the land-hungry peasant in the south finds it difficult to understand the "change" that he is constantly told has taken place in his status.

In the past the peasant paid at least half his produce to ODC as land rent; this has been reduced to only one-third of his crop under the New Korea Company and that is a definite gain. But taxes are still paid according to the Japanese scale—hence it is necessary to collect them in the style of Dai Nippon. And where the peasant before worked all his life for a gigantic Japanese corporation, he now works for an even more gigantic American corporation. So it is difficult for him to understand just how he has benefitted by the

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change in masters—especially when he knows that his brother peasants in the north are now landowners.

In developing Korea as a base for the conquest of China, Japan planned that the fertile valleys to the south of Seoul, the Korean capital, should be the rice basket of the peninsula. South Korea produced enough rice to feed her own people—even if on starvation rations; to feed the Kwangtung army of Japan, and to export rice to Kyushu and Honshu. Yet Koreans in the southern zone starved during the past winter. Why? Because ranking American military administrators were as eager to end the rationing installed by the Japanese, and grant Koreans of great wealth—who were traitors all—complete "freedom of enterprise" as the most ardent US Republican in 1946.

The black market has thrived in southern Korea ever since the occupation began; there have been acute shortages of rice and wheat. Yet the quisling private landlords, and those who gained great wealth through cooperation with the Japanese, have gained still greater wealth by cooperation with the American generals. And the American people have paid for this policy with the tons of rice, wheat, flour and other supplies that have had to be poured into a great farming area in order to end artificially-created scarcities, and bring down soaring prices.

These black marketeers, profiteers and rapacious landlords coalesced naturally into the Korean Democratic Party, which was still-born within a week after the occupation of southern Korea began. Among the millionaire midwives attending the birth were Kim Sung Soo, an ardent pro-Japanese textile mill owner and big landlord; the land-wealthy Song Chin Woo, Japanese spy and Korean traitor since assassinated; Chank Duk Soo, embezzler of Korean patriots' funds and superintendent of police for the entire southern zone; several representatives of the rich Yun family holding title to vast farmlands which they had paid the collaborators' price to keep from Japanese hands. Also prominent among them was Cheun Kap Soon, the "patent medicine king" of Korea whose salesmen had aided the Japanese in enslaving Koreans to opium, morphine, heroin and cocaine.

The party remains today what might be called a small and unburied cadaver, propped up on American bayonets. Even a month after its birth Syang Yan Huien, one of its more active if less important members, could claim only 700 members for it. However, he did add that the party had put 500 organizers into the field — one for every 1.4 members!

THIS so-called Democratic Party has furnished the majority of members in every organization created by USAFIK authorities as evidence of participation by Koreans in the administration of southern Korea. It has furnished the backing for every political figure brought forward by USAFIK in repeated attempts to secure the leadership of the Korean people. Rhee Syngman was the first Korean to be groomed for this post by USAFIK, in the hope that his largely mythical activity on behalf of Korean freedom would guarantee him wide support. But even with the millions of yen placed at his disposal by leading Democrats, Rhee proved to be a singularly inept choice. On first appearance before his own people since he had fled the country some thirty years before, his contribution to Korean political thought was as unoriginal to him as it was unpopular with his audience. He was for immediate civil war between the Soviet North and American-occupied southern Korea.

USAFIK's second nominee for popular leadership was the aged terrorist Kim Koo. It was Kim Koo who took the lead, with the support of the Democratic Party, in organizing the demonstrations against the decisions on Korea of the 1945 Moscow conference of foreign ministers. Officially the cause underlying these demonstrations was later given as ignorance of the five-year limitation placed on trusteeship for Korea. That may be, but General Hodge is reliably reported to have had the text of the Moscow decisions on his desk while the demonstrations were taking place.

Unofficially, the demonstrations seem to have been an attempt by Kim Koo and the Democratic Party, with the tacit consent of high USAFIK brass, to anticipate and forestall the unification of Korea on a broad, democratic basis.

Kim Koo's first move was to call out all military government employees—who were quick to respond, being Democratic Party appointees who valued their jobs. These several thousands were then joined by the police—who likewise had no other choice. They were all under the thumb of that leading Democrat, Kim Chang Young, former police spy and then agent provacateur for Japanese Colonel Kenji Doihara in Manchuria, who had become vice-mayor of Seoul by USAFIK ukase.

Tumult and disorder spread throughout the city. Offices of newspapers backing the People's Republic were sacked. Headquarters of the political coalition supporting the Republic were attacked along with Communist Party offices. While all this was going on American troops were thoughtfully

"Harvest by Guerrilla Peasants," woodcut by Chen Yen Chao.

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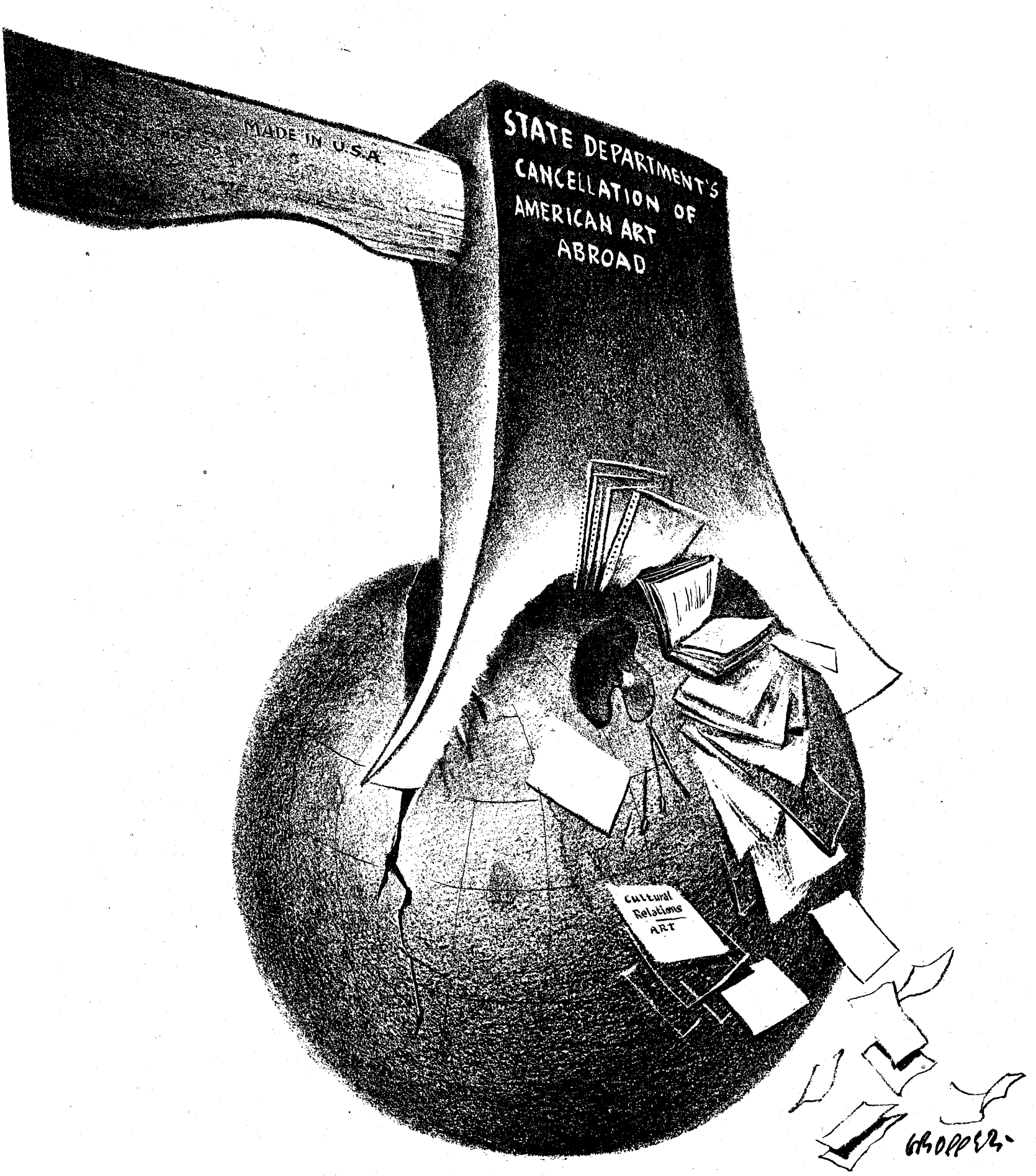

THE "IRON CURTAIN"—MADE IN U.S.A.

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confined to barracks. The streets belonged to Kim Koo. By the last day of 1945 he could muster 20,000 demonstrators against the Moscow decisions. Emboldened, he attempted a coup d'etat.

But the coup d'etat stalled. Support for Kim Koo's misinterpretation of the Moscow decisions on Korea as meaning permanent trusteeship never developed among the peasants, or within organized labor, the two decisive strata of Korean society. Kim conferred with General Hodge then went on the air over JODK in Seoul to announce that the revolution had been called off. Thereupon the general also went on the air—to thank Kim for calling off his revolution. . . .

Later Korean railway workers asked the military governor by letter why such strenuous attempts had been made to dragoon them into following Kim Koo's leadership. Why, they asked, had they been coerced by their superiors to take part in Kim Koo's demonstrations? And why were they forbidden to take part in the great mass outpouring of 200,000 Koreans that later welcomed the beginning of American-Soviet discussions to end the partition of their country?

THESE were puzzling questions. They became the more puzzling when General Hodge named his "Representative Democratic Council of Southern Korea (RDCSK)." This organization was to take over the unification discussions at the point where military pour-parlers ceased, in conjunction with representatives of the People's Committees from the North.

As chairman of the RDCSK General Hodge appointed Kim Koo, who had organized the opposition to the decisions on Korea of the Moscow conference of foreign ministers. As vice-chairman of the body General Hodge appointed Rhee Syngman, who had never disavowed his call for interzonal warfare as the solution for Korea's difficulties.

All other nominees—save two—were Democrats.

One of the two exceptions was Dr. Lyuh Woon-heung, who by then headed the new People's Party formed from among supporters of the republic. The other was Huh Huhn, who had succeeded Dr. Lyuh as chairman of the Left Nationalists. Again they had been selected to serve as window-dressing for an American-appointed group of Korean quislings, traitors and collaborators. And again they refused to be used in this flagrant attempt at political deception of those millions of Koreans who looked to them for leadership.

By this time the Democratic National Front (DNF) of southern Korea had been formed. Its supporters included the Left Nationalists, the People's Party, the Communist Party, the trade unions, youth organizations and women's organizations: in fact, all parties in southern Korea save the remnants of the old Japanese-sponsored "Righteous Party" (Dai Eui Tang), the old royalist grouping called "The Restoration Party" (Wang Chang Poku), the still-born Democratic Party, and the old Korean Nationalist Party. But even the last two have been invited time and again to enter the DNF on the basis of a broad program for the unity of Korea. Both have refused each invitation, although there have been a number of defections to the DNF by Nationalist Party leaders who put their love and hope for Korea above narrower interests.

Time and again General Hodge has attempted to compel those who lead the DNF to hand over their prestige and the political power of their huge following to the small clique of reaction that is the dominating core of the Korean Democratic Party. And time and again such attempts have been rebuffed by Dr. Lyuh, Huh Huhn and others. Since the Democratic Party controls the police, all forces outside this clique of known traitors have been subjected to increasing police brutality, constant intimidation, arrest, imprisonment and unceasing attacks. Korean labor, which was first organized by Communists under the very noses of the Japanese, and furnishes the mass base—along with the peasantry—of the parties allied in the DNF, has borne the brunt of these attacks.

World Federation of Trade Union officials who visited southern Korea in April said that what they saw there was "fascism in action." USAFIK officers conducting their tour refused to permit interchange of greetings with Korean delegations which attempted to welcome the WFTU representatives. Workers who attempted to reach the WFTU delegation with leaflets of greeting were clubbed to the ground under the very eyes of Louis Saillant, the French secretary of the Federation. This terror against the Korean working class has been intensified since last September, when an estimated 330,000 workers in southern Korea came out on general strike. They struck in support of the Southern Korean Federation of Railway Workers, which had formally demanded abolition of the daily pay system, establishment of a cost-of-living differential, and proclamation of democratic labor laws by USAFIK's military government.

USAFIK chiefs rejected these demands out of hand. The military governor declared the general strike which followed this rejection to be "illegal." General Hodge went him one better by urging the Korean people to "exterminate the elements who organize strikes and provoke discontent." Sixteen of these civilian strikers now await the verdict of an alien military court on charges which carry the death penalty. Another 521 Koreans have been jailed on lesser accusations.

Reopening of discussions on ending the partition of Korea can only be greeted by these prisoners, and millions of other Koreans living South of 38, as cause for great hope. And it matters little now whom General Hodge chooses as spokesmen for the "democratic forces of southern Korea." Even should his nominees be the usual crop of reactionaries, quislings and drug-peddlers from the Democratic Party, it will matter little. Such individuals are powerless to destroy the solution that has been found North of 38.

A REUNITED Korea can only strengthen the forces of the people in the South. And a unified Korea, drawing on the food resources of the agrarian South and the industrial power of the North, is capable of producing the highest standard of living in all Asia. Secretary Marshall and General Hodge probably recognize this full well. For the State Department has announced to the world that it is prepared to pour $600,000,000 into southern Korea in the next four years—if Soviet cooperation is not forthcoming on State Department terms. But even this fabulous amount cannot restore private ownership in northern Korea, nor replace nationalized production with the anarchy of "free enterprise." It cannot even erase from the minds of the Korean people in the South what their brothers have done in the North.

Korea has again become intimately involved with the United States as the site of first application for what is now called "the Truman Doctrine." And since the logic of necessity is stronger than the logic of dollars, the Doctrine as applied in Korea may now be assessed as a costly and dismal failure.

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THE UNFORGOTTEN FORD

"History is for the most part bunk," said the man who founded a dynasty on the tin lizzie — and the brass knuckle. An epitaph for King Henry.

By CARLETON HENDERSON

HENRY FORD died three deaths. The first came soon after 1921. In that year Ford sold 55.45 percent of all cars sold. Then the company's sales percentage began to diminish steadily until today it is glad to get twenty percent of the market. Two once lowly competitors are ahead of it — General Motors with almost fifty percent of all sales and Chrysler with well over twenty percent. That marked Henry Ford's death as the mass production king of the auto industry.

He died a second time in April, 1941, when his company, lone holdout against the unionization that had been almost completed by the 1937 sitdown strikes, surrendered to the United Auto Workers-CIO after a ten-day strike that had shut down all Ford plants. That marked Henry Ford's death as an effective individualist dictator in industry.

The final, physical, death came at the age of eighty-three in his Dearborn home where the Michigan floods had temporarily stilled the electric power plant, cutting off light, heat and refrigeration, so that he died as he had probably been born on the nearby Dearborn Ford farm, by the light of a kerosene lamp.

Ford had become an almost mythical figure in Detroit by 1947. Rumor had it that in his last year he had frequently become unaware of his own identity. Facts proved that he no longer controlled his industrial empire, of which his grandson Henry Ford II had become president, and head of the many new executives weaned away from other motor companies. Rumor further had it that a grim inner family struggle was necessary to loosen old Henry's grip and that it was done only under threat by Mrs. Edsel Ford, after her husband's death in 1943, to sell her and her children's holdings on the open market. Ford in his long career had quarreled with all of his associates, dropping them overboard one by one or in batches, but his daughter-in-law was too much for him. He faded and died. Under his will Mrs. Edsel Ford controls her children's shares of stock until they reach the age of twenty-five.

IN A mental hospital in Ypsilanti not far from the Ford mansion lies a union man who was clubbed into insanity by Ford servicemen during the union demonstration at the Rouge plant in May 1937. In a cemetery on the Detroit side of Dearborn lie the bodies of four young men shot down in front of the plant during the unemployed demonstration of March 1932. In many homes are men who bear the scars of Ford blows and shots, victims of Ford stormtroopers described by the federal government as "most brutal, vicious and conscienceless thugs," who set "upon any person pointed out to them as a CIO organizer, member, advocate or sympathizer, to be beaten, whipped, tarred and feathered, or otherwise brutally assaulted" (National Labor Relations Board Trial Examiner Robert N. Denham's findings, 1940).

A far greater number of men than those physically assaulted were those intimidated every day in the plants and in their homes as well. These men and their families bore Henry Ford no love, and for every worker trotted out by the newspapers to mumble words of respect for the dead master there are thousands who cherish him only with curses. Until the union called a halt Ford ran his realm as Hitler did his and with the same purpose, to get the maximum work and profit out of each individual in it. The NLRB report on the Ford Motor Co., published after the extensive 1937 hearings in the Detroit Federal Building, bears almost unending witness to this. Small wonder that the vice president of the Bavarian parliament said on Feb. 7, 1924, after Hitler's unsuccessful beer-hall putsch of November, 1923, that "the Bavarian parliament has long had the information that the Hitler movement was partly financed by an American anti-Semitic chief who is Henry Ford. Herr Hitler has openly boasted of Mr. Ford's support." Fifteen years later, after Hitler was the autocrat of Germany, two of his consuls at a highly publicized ceremony in Detroit pinned a Hitler medal on Ford's breast on the occasion of his seventy-fifth birthday. Needless to say, no newspaper in Detroit nor any big daily elsewhere mentioned the Hitler medal in its obituary article. "History is for the most part bunk," Henry Ford once said. Many Detroiters were inclined to agree after reading the obituaries on King Henry.

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Ford's anti-Jewish prejudice became known as early as 1915 when he naively told Rosika Schwimmer, the Hungarian Jewish pacifist who induced him to finance and take part in the famous Ford peace ship expedition during the First World War, that the war had been caused by the "international Jews." This became a mania with him in 1921, when he converted his weekly *Dearborn Independent* into a malignant anti-Jewish sheet. He kept it until 1927 when he sold it and apologized to the Jewish people. The mischief he wrought has not been interred with his bones, however. Gerald L. K. Smith, formerly subsidized for his anti-CIO ravings over the Detroit radio by contributions from businessmen that were sent to the office of Edsel Ford's brother-in-law, Ernest Kanzler, is still offering "Henry Ford's Protocols of Zion" to donors to his rabble-rousing near-fascist campaigns. Henry Ford II felt obliged recently to state that "in 1928 and again in 1942 my grandfather disclaimed the manuscripts (on the 'Protocols of Zion') as an expression of his own views or sentiments."

Whether or not old Henry was converted out of his prejudices is not publicly known. It is a fact, however, that he did not cease his attacks on the Jews until the lawyer Aaron Sapiro brought suit for libel and until the movie producer William Fox threatened a propaganda campaign against Ford's cars.

As Fox later related to Upton Sinclair, he told a friend who was close to Ford:

"I find that there are more accidents where people are killed who are riding in Ford cars than in any other car made. That is probably because he has more cars being used. We have hundreds of cameras from coast to coast [Fox Movie-Tone News]. From now on they are to be instructed that wherever they learn of an accident in a Ford car they are promptly to go to the scene of action and find out what people were killed, how many dependents were left, and so on. They will then get an expert to make an analysis of the car, and have him swear as to what had snapped in this car, if there were any defective parts, etc. We will probably get a hundred of these accidents a week from now on, and I am going to take the best ones to appear in our newsreels, one on Monday and one on Thursday, in all my theaters. After a few weeks I just don't know how many people will want to ride in Ford cars."

Ford didn't know either, and told the friend that he would discontinue the anti-Jewish drive and even pay for an editorial censor in the *Dearborn Independent* office who could be named by Fox.

Ford used another Hitler technique, that of Red-baiting, when the union was on the point of successfully organizing the Ford workers.

What was called the Ford service department in those pre-union days was in effect the largest fascist army in the United States. The actual number is still a secret, but it was estimated during the NLRB hearings that there was one serviceman for every ten ordinary employes. At the Rouge plant, with 80,000 employes, that would have made a tightly organized army of 8,000 men familiar with all kinds of weapons from brass knuckles and fire-hoses to machineguns, trained to stamp out every vestige of union sentiment or other independence. And, as the NLRB trial examiner already quoted said, "It is uncontroverted that senior officials of the Ford Motor Co. in Dearborn knew of, helped plan, and subsequently approved the program of terrorism."

Ford had aspirations of running the entire country but was not so successful in fulfilling this ambition. In 1918 he ran for US Senator from Michigan and was defeated only because the successful candidate, Truman H. Newberry, used methods that caused his conviction for criminal conspiracy in a lower court (reversed by the Supreme Court in 1921). In 1923 Ford prepared to run for President of the United States against President Harding and piled up practically twice as many straw votes as Harding in June of that year. But Harding died in August and it was rumored that Cal Coolidge bought Ford off with the promise of Muscle Shoals, the germ of the Tennessee Valley Authority. At any rate, after a White House conference between the two men in the fall of 1923, Ford endorsed Coolidge for President and killed the Ford-for-President clubs. After that Ford endorsed Hoover twice, then Landon, then Willkie.

Despite his professed pacifism, Ford made good money out of both world wars. In the first he managed to get his son Edsel exempted from the draft through the White House after all lower authorities had refused to do so. In the second, after Edsel's death, Henry II was relieved of naval service and returned to civilian life. Ford had promised to turn back all his war profits to the US Treasury after the First World War but the Treasury announced that it never received a cent. Other instances of Ford's sharp practice are related by the Federal Trade Commission in its monumental Report on Motor Vehicle Industry (1939) in connection with the purchase by Ford of the Lincoln Motor Co. (pp. 644-45).

In seeking to appraise Ford in terms of his economic significance and of the popular legend, industriously cultivated by his publicity staff and the press that benefited from his advertising, one might stress that, regardless of the human cost, he did produce millions of cheap cars, filling an urgent need of both urban and rural America and of many other lands as well. Mass production reached its inhuman peak in his Highland Park and Rouge plants, but the output was needed and eagerly bought. His inhumanity and that of the other motor magnates in competing plants was avenged in the late Thirties by the most militant mass unionism the country had ever seen. Even today, when the UAW is headed by a careerist in league with the most reactionary elements in the union, this militancy continues to seethe, as was proved by the tremendous outpouring into Cadillac Square, Detroit, late last month to protest anti-labor legislation.

Two years before the union stormed Ford's Rouge fortress a former Ford worker penned some doggerel about Ford's Sunday evening hour, the symphony advertising stunt which the company has not seen fit to revive since the war. It was published in the *United Auto Worker* of May 13, 1939, in

NEXT WEEK IN NM

The Chinese cartoonists, whose art helped mobilize their people in the war against the Japanese invaders, are today active in the fight against the Kuomintang dictatorship. A selection of their contemporary work will appear in our next issue.

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ridicule of the Ford propaganda spread by his old publicity crony, W. D. Cameron of the anti-Semitic Anglo-Saxon Federation. It goes in part:

Now the music dies out in the distance,
They announce a lovely old hymn,
Giving all glory to God
And singing their praises to Him.

But I wonder if those up in heaven
Ever look down from above
And see guns, tear-gas and night-sticks,
A symbol of Ford's brand of love.

Do you think, Henry Ford, you exploiter,
You can buy with this kind of stuff
The thanks and goodwill of thousands
Who haven't nearly enough?

So you might as well keep your music
And shut old Cameron's yap,
For while we enjoy your music
We haven't time for your crap.

So we'll stick to the union forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the power of Ford has vanished
And the workers have gained a new day.

Next to the tin lizzie itself, Ford's best publicity performance was undoubtedly the announcement of the five-dollar-a-day wage in 1913. Acclaimed as a humanitarian advance, it was in reality a carefully calculated scheme to reduce the tremendous labor turnover in his plant, which was estimated by outsiders to have been from 100 to 200 percent a year. The five-dollar wage—given only after long probation and even then not to all workers in the plant—reduced turnover for some years and for a while attracted the best workers from the rest of the industry. It was a very profitable maneuver, and at the same time publicized as the loftiest idealism.

Which brings to mind another of the once popular Fordisms that the publicity staff distributed in booklet compilations of the master's ideas. Let it stand as the epitaph on this extraordinary, and yet in many ways typical, American exploiter:

"An idealist," said Henry Ford on the witness stand in his famous million-dollar suit against the Chicago *Tribune* for calling him an anarchist, "an idealist is anyone who helps another to make a profit."

MEXICO: "It troubles us deeply..."

The persecution of Gerhart Eisler by the Department of Justice is being closely watched throughout the world. It has already brought considerable comment in Europe and in Latin America. The following was written by a Mexican jurist, A. Bremauntz, who is a judge of the Supreme Court of the Federal District of Mexico.

INDIVIDUAL cases have very often played a great role in the development of law, especially when constitutional guarantees were the object of attack and defense. This is the issue in question in the Eisler case.

Briefly, what are the facts? Gerhart Eisler is a well-known German anti-fascist of Austrian nationality, whose life contains nothing mysterious since it was devoted completely to the cause of human progress. Eisler was on his way to Mexico from the French concentration camp, Le Vernet. . . . Possessing a United States visa, he arrived in New York in order to continue his trip to Mexico. In the meantime the United States entered the war and no longer permitted people of German or Austrian origin to leave the country. Thus Eisler had to remain in the United States because of an American decree although he wanted to continue his trip to Mexico.

Now what did he do during his compulsory stay? Within the framework of the possibilities permitted a refugee he espoused the victory of the United Nations over the Axis countries. As an expert on Europe and on the fascist regimes he wrote and imparted his knowledge to the American public. . . .

During the war aliens who came from Central Europe were scrutinized for their connections with the Nazis and in certain instances interned. However, this did not apply to Gerhart Eisler, whose fight against and hatred of the Nazis are beyond all question. Therefore, he was never considered an "enemy alien" by the American authorities, let alone treated as such. It is thus incomprehensible that now after the end of the war and the victory over Hitler, Eisler has suddenly been declared an "enemy alien" and imprisoned as such.

Now, certain circles among our neighbors to the north may have their own special views on Hitler, Mussolini and Franco. It is then the responsibility of the American public to combat these views. However, when the same circles proceed to disregard the guarantees set down in the Constitution under the pretense of justice and politically persecute the rights of people who are confirmed and convinced democrats, who have constantly stood for the victory of the United Nations, it is an event which is of the greatest interest to all the people in the Hemisphere. The guarantee of democracy and civil rights in the United States also provides good security for us Mexicans so that we may expect intelligent cooperation in the peaceful development of our nation.

But it troubles us deeply when we experience a spectacle in the United States which only reminds us too much of the years of reaction which preceded the victory of Nazism in Europe. There it also began with disregarding constitutional freedoms and guarantees and undermined them from within until only a slight blow was needed to abolish the entire constitution. In Europe it also began with the persecution of foreign anti-fascists, which then led to concentration camps for all progressive people.

The Mexican public eagerly follows the legal proceedings instituted against Gerhart Eisler. Its outcome will influence our opinion of North American democracy in the future. We hope that Eisler will be released immediately, not only because there is nothing founded on facts against him but also in the interest of maintaining the democratic institutions of our Continent.

A. BREMAUNTZ.

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DOCTRINE AND DEPRESSION

An Editorial by JOHN STUART

OFFHAND it seemed that the Truman Doctrine would unfold step by step without deviation from the propaganda road mapped by its makers. Fundamentally it has, but I see a shift in emphasis. The emphasis at this juncture is to link to the theme of anti-communism the theme of "reconstruction" and "relief." It first became apparent in the speech made on May 8 by Dean Acheson at Cleveland, Miss., and has since reverberated in the columns of writers with close ties to the State Department. Writing in the New York *Times*, James Reston, who is the *Times'* minister plenipotentiary to our foreign office, has indicated that a large and conscious effort will now be made to underscore the "economic problems of reconstructing Europe rather than the military and ideological program of blocking Russian expansion and Soviet communism."

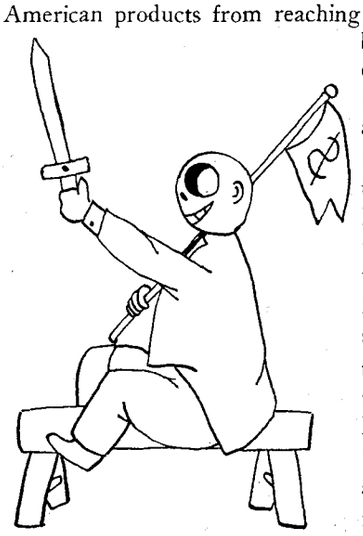
I take this as a glaring admission of failure. The shift is a perverse recognition that the doctrine when sold on the basis of imminent catastrophe and hysterical fears wins for itself more enemies than friends. At the least it creates confusion, and even handicaps the doctrinaires from pushing ahead. It finds no solidly-rooted mass support and gives rise to antagonisms threatening the policy itself and the power of those who fashioned it. In the first round of the battle, opposition to the doctrine revolved on its failure to use the United Nations. But since then it has gone to a higher level, which impels a shift from the crude and unabashed nonsense of immediate war from the East, the menace of communism, to the more philanthropic and more virtuous approach of helping those who are down and out.

The doctrine failed to ingratiate the United States with Europe; its rapturous supporters are not the men with the greatest prestige in their own countries. In France, for example, the doctrine is embraced not by those who received the greatest electoral endorsement but by the De Gaullists, who represent a neo-fascism, and by the right-wing Socialists, who have no decisive standing with the masses of people. The doctrine is even received adversely by certain business groups who want American credits to help them regain their positions—but ask what they will have to give in return for these favors. Harold Callender, also of the *Times*, reports significantly from Paris the French suspicion that the *quid pro quo* may involve opening French overseas territory to American capital and merchandise with the risk that American influence will become preponderant.

The little fissures, then, are becoming wide open chasms. Abroad the doctrine finds hostility among the working class and among groups of capitalists who want to fry their fish in their own special way without foreign interference. It is even producing something of an uproar among American exporters, particularly those trading with China. Instead of bringing stability to that war-torn land, the doctrine brings greater chaos, and it is not far-fetched to believe that the State Department is the recipient of innumerable protests. We have a token of these grievances in a report from Tientsin to the New York *Times* of May 14 in which a correspondent notes that "Foreign business houses, some of them with more than a century's experience in North China trade recently charged that never in their experience had they encountered such 'a growing spread of corruption, inefficiency and discrimination in almost every branch and bureau of the government'." This is the dictatorship so lovingly looked after by American officialdom and which reads the Truman Doctrine literally and translates into action every comma and period in it.

THE backfire has seemingly reached a point now where without retreating the doctrinaires must embellish their words with the vocabulary of the social service agency. For if as time goes by the so-called warlike intentions of the USSR do not materialize, on what grounds can the American people be asked to sanction ever greater expenditures of funds abroad? And these funds are not mere pittances. They will amount to five billion dollars a year, says Walter Lippmann, for an indeterminate number of years. Five billions would be a small sum to expend if it were the instrument of a policy of cooperation rather than of imperialist grab; if it were the democratic means of helping the world get on its feet; if it were the means of aiding in the industrialization and rehabilitation of backward or devastated areas. But we find in Dean Acheson's speech, his farewell address before leaving his exalted and chameleon-like career in the State Department, that these funds are for the purpose of creating an economic *cordon sanitaire* around the people's democracies of Europe and the Soviet Union. The special recipients of American largesse are to be none other than Germany and Japan. Mr. Acheson did not go quite as far as Winston Churchill did last week in calling on "German genius" to help in organizing a Western bloc, but the intent is the same.

With our country on the brink of economic crisis, policy is not directed toward fruitful business and commercial relations with the stable markets of Eastern Europe, especially the Soviet Union, but is directed toward boycotting them. If Truman and Vandenberg wish to cut off their noses to spite their faces they have the constitutional right to do so. Those who will suffer most, however, are American workers and the little businessmen whose purchasing power will be reduced even more because a doctrine forbids American credits and American products from reaching countries which will not be the victims of slump because they are well on the road to socialism. Such are the glories of "free enterprise," which permits us the luxury of going to hell in a great hurry. But we can be confident that when the choice has to be made between the self-destruction represented in the Truman Doctrine and the drive and hunger for life, it is the doctrine that will go. Too many signs accumulate to leave room for doubt.



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SHOP TALK ON SHORT STORIES

Humor, lively dialogue, resiliency and resistance in the characters are needed in our work. How to reflect human strength and variety.

By CHARLES HUMBOLDT

This is the second half of Mr. Humboldt's article on NEW MASSES' *short stories and the aims of progressive fiction. The first part, published last week, dealt mainly with ideological trends in literature, and their influence on the work of our younger writers.*

BECAUSE our criticism has had—and still has—as a prime aim to fix the writer's mind upon his political responsibility, it has sometimes skipped over a discussion of the writer's means, his art and scope. But style, the manipulation of scenes, the primacy of action over character, all such matters cannot be relegated to the category of "technical considerations" and occupy only an incidental place in our writing and talk of literature. Our young writers will tend to sacrifice variety of approach to simplicity of outlook, neglecting humor, fantasy, surprise and contradiction, sensuousness, almost everything that gives quality to a literature. We must always remember, in our criticism, to point out to them the difference between science and art, between the abstract and the concrete, the general and the individual, the outline of things and their shape in the flesh. They should not feel that they can write about anything as long as they know the "political angle" of it. This is bad politics as well as bad art, and both would take their ironic revenge. For lack of rightness in specific details of action and character, a multitude of interpretations and misinterpretations, would surround every incident. Thus the politics themselves would be distorted through the writer's lack of knowledge of his subject, or through the reader's missing the implications because they were stated in the form of a proposition. For, in his turn, the reader would begin to feel that the writer served only to illustrate what he, the reader, knew already. It is interesting to note that the more stories we have published, the greater the variety of theme and action, the less differences of interpretation I have found to arise over particular stories, though it would be difficult to imagine a time when everyone's interpretations will be alike.

I have spoken, among other things, of the absence of humor. Let me illustrate what I mean by its possibilities. Here is an abstract from the testimony of Lawrence (Peggy) Dwyer, international representative of District 19 of the United Mine Workers of America, at a hearing of the Subcommittee of the Committee on Education and Labor of the Senate. This was the La Follette Committee which investigated interference with the right of labor to organize and bargain collectively. Mr. Dwyer is testifying on the terror in Harlan County:

MR. DWYER: On leaving the office there High Sheriff James Ridings said to me hurriedly and excitedly, "Hurry up; come on." We rushed through and got in the car. Sheriff Ridings pulled out his pistol and laid it on his lap. He told me, "Peggy, get your gun. They are going to shoot us up." . . . When we got three miles farther we met an automobile that was wrecked, Captain Golden's automobile was wrecked and he was standing there with blood on his face.

SENATOR LA FOLLETTE: Who is Captain Golden?

MR. DWYER: He is a lawyer in Harlan County, born and reared there. His son now is practicing law, one of the leading attorneys there. Captain Golden is a very prominent figure, known to everybody in that section of Kentucky. We stopped and I asked Captain Golden, I said to him, "Come on, get in our car. We are going to Pineville." The Captain said to me, "Peggy, I have had an awful wreck. There is a lady with me, she is badly hurt, she is in that house down there. Would you have room to take her and me and two pumpkins to Pineville?"

SENATOR LA FOLLETTE: Two what?

MR. DWYER: Two pumpkins. I said, "Yes, go get her."

SENATOR LA FOLLETTE: He referred to vegetables, did he?

MR. DWYER: Yes. I said, "Yes, go get her." He started to the house to get her, and Sheriff Ridings said, "No, no, Peggy, we cannot let that lady ride here." "Why?" He said, "They are going to shoot this car up, and they are going to shoot her." I said, "They have got just as much right to shoot her up as they have me, and she is going to get in the car."

Captain Golden came back with the lady, limping, and he had a pumpkin under each arm. I put the lady and the two pumpkins in the back seat and I sat there with them and put Captain Golden in the front seat along with the driver, and when we came to that place where they usually ambush, and so forth, Jimmy Ridings turned his head to me and said, "Look!" I said, "Yes." What he had reference to was Ben Unthank's car parked right in the bushes where they usually ambush us.

What is important here is much more than the humor of the pumpkins, the Senator's double-take, and Mr. Dwyer's way of talking. It is how this humor functions, outlining the ever-present terror by sheer incongruity (a favorite usage of Faulkner's, too) and fixing for us, in an absolutely unforgettable manner, the courage of the union organizer and his comrades in the Southern mine fields. If life is full of such invention, more the pity that our writers have not yet made it theirs. In playing over and over the note closest to the purpose of the narrative, we neglect the rest of the scale. We confine our characters to the one dimension of their happiness or misfortune, their virtue or their baseness. Once the point of their behavior is made, nothing is left but the ashes of the lesson we have learned.

ANOTHER element which must be developed in our stories is lively dialogue. You don't get it by passing a law. It can only arise out of a richer conception of character, from a wider exploration of the potentialities of given situations (like that above), and through constant listening to actual, everyday speech, with its poetry and its overtones of feeling and meaning. Young writers tend to use a kind of interior monologue which is supposed to serve the double function of inform-

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ing the reader of an objective relationship and of the private state of the character into whose mind the monologue has been placed. It usually does neither. Here's what I mean: "Jimmy stiffened. Son of a bitch, he thought, I'll get him if it's the last thing I do. Thinks he can get away with that, just because he's an officer. Some of these ninety-day wonders had better watch out. Jimmy looked Lieutenant Jones in the eye, and didn't answer."

This kind of writing is very common among beginning writers. Using it, the writer avoids coming to grips with real dialogue as well as with the actual form of suppressed feeling. He cannot crystallize anything dramatically because he has tied up all his action inside the character instead of allowing it expression in speech.

(Along with this defect, there is often a lack of physical realization. The author is in such a hurry to make his point that he forgets to let you know —sometimes he does not know himself—what his characters look like. I have read stories where I was unaware until almost the last line that the central character was a Negro. Whatever philosophical point the writer wished to achieve by this omission was lost through the reader's utter ignorance of fact.)

An old man on Second Avenue says, "Look at my face. Such a face you don't get lying in the lap of lady luck." A kid on a park bench complains, "I'm always thinking of things that don't do me no good. Riddles and things—what's got eyes and can't see, or what turns without moving. The trouble is I got things on my mind. Jeez! When the stork brought me to my old lady he must have said to her: 'Nuts to you, Madam'." If such richness comes out of the mouths of down-hearted, discouraged people, how much we have to gather from the day-to-day talk, the jokes, arguments, games and fights of everybody around us, workers, shopkeepers, bosses, bankers, farmers, lawyers! Synge listened through a hole in the floor to the talk of Irish farm women in the kitchen below. Let the young writer take notes; it is vain for him to think that he need spin everything out of his own head. Dullness comes from the mind feeding on itself.

I WANT now to deal briefly with one of the most vexing and touchy problems of our literature: the pathetic character. I mentioned him before in speaking of the victims of racial persecution portrayed in our stories. He has other forms: the unemployed clerk, the man dying of t.b., the evicted tenant, the hungry child. I mean in no sense to be frivolous when I say that these have become standard figures in our stories. But I want to inquire why they have, in general, lost their effectiveness. (I say in general; a writer of great power may restore to life literary types whose potentialities we had thought thoroughly exhausted. But here we are concerned with the average writer.)

For one thing, the pathetic character is subject to the law of diminishing returns. The more of him there are, the less they are able to arouse the reader's feeling. The unrelieved suffering of people, repeated without variation, becomes monotonous and may even arouse suspicions of insincerity.

But something deeper is at stake. We want to show that people, particularly of the working class, are capable of acting upon their environment as well as being beaten into the ground by it. We do not propose to go in for a Horatio Alger approach, an absurd optimism in our stories, but we should try to create some sense of the powers of resistance in individuals, not only as a political factor in the contemporary scene, but as a real fact, the truth about human beings.

There are many reasons why writers avoid dealing with this power of resistance, of resiliency. But chief among these is the influence of the various modern philosophies of despair which have convinced them that human beings cannot, no matter what their effort, overcome their separation from others, their basic solitude and their ultimate defeat. Over all hangs the shadow of death, which is now seen not as the end of life but as the constant companion of the living. For these writers death, the natural phenomenon, has become the symbol for the frustrations which society under capitalism subjects them to; they have come to see these frustrations then as unalterable, irreversible, as expressions not of the forces of society but of natural or divine law. But we who recognize the origin of these human defeats to lie mainly in class oppression know also the means and human resources available to us for victory over the dying forms of society. We must learn to project them in our work. Having the

portside patter

By BILL RICHARDS

News Item: Hollywood producer claims that American movies serve to tell the rest of the world about life in the United States.

The average income in the United States is about $25,000 a year. Nearly everybody owns an automobile and eighty-five percent of these are gaudy convertibles or huge limousines. The other fifteen percent are obsolete but hilariously-decorated jallopies used by high school students.

A large percentage of American men are either devastatingly clever authors, pipe-smoking engineers, atomic scientists, brilliant doctors or lawyers but rarely have time to work at these noble professions. After reaching fifty they become gruff but kindly financial tycoons.

Most of the women are models, actresses, debutantes or any combination thereof, who do nothing but contemplate their mirrors, their wardrobes, each other's husbands, drink or suicide.

Nearly all young people meet each other in night clubs, country clubs or on the Fifth Avenue bus. They are married, in love, or otherwise embroiled after about three hours. These gay couples live out the six or eight months of their married lives in a plush hotel, swanky penthouse or a cute little cottage in the country.

An increasingly large part of the population is divided between fearless private detectives and suave gangsters who operate fancy gambling clubs. They share between them well upholstered blondes with voices on the sexy side of laryngitis.

Between the skyscraping penthouses of the East and the luxurious swimming pools of the West exists a wild country inhabited by horse thieves, card sharks, eccentric preachers, fast shooting cowboys, wayward wenches and gallant bandits, all of whom are busily killing each other off.

America is remarkably blessed with a lack of labor unions, minority problems, poverty, unemployment, political thought, housing shortage—and flat-chested women.

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knowledge that can instill confidence in the future, we have to create human beings capable of expressing that confidence in their own lives. Now this presents a more difficult dramatic problem, requiring more of a two-way movement in the direction of the narrative than does the customary story of defeat. No slogan, or happy or symbolical ending, will do the trick; no sudden resolutions, transformations of character or magic discoveries will help. These are either confessions of artistic failure, or shame-faced pessimism trying to disguise itself. No, the solution has to be found in actual human relations, in the give and take of action, in the deeds of people, who are infinitely more responsive, exciting, indignant and violent than we depict them.

No matter how deep and adequate to the suffering of people a writer's insight may be, he cannot rest at that insight if he wishes to progress as a writer. He must go on from the realization of feeling, alone; otherwise he will merely be marking time. His characters may *react* more and more poignantly, but they will only be hiding his inability to make them *act*. It is not important that this or that individual character come to a good end—neither did Antigone, nor Lear, nor Faust—if only, like these three, he does not accept his fate as though it were man's fate which no man can protest. Not a contrived "way out," but human potentiality and now the destiny of the working class, which gives direction to our political action, should determine the extent of imagination, fortitude and variety of our characters.

A LAST word to beginning writers, as this was for the most part addressed to them. Never fall for any flattery aimed to convince you that your talent is a unique instrument which you must sharpen only on the grindstone of your own soul. You will become adept at rationalizing your failures, but you will be forced to more and more artificial contrivances to make up for the departure of the real world, like a deserted lover who pretends that he is still happy.

How shall the young writer avoid isolation? The answer is as much practical as spiritual. First, he must live intensely with people, sharing their passions and their struggles, not thinking that he can stay aloof from either, that he can feel strongly without thought or observation, or see clearly without emotion or participation. If he wants to write of men, things, places that he does not know, let him take a good while to live in them, like an inhabitant, not a tourist. The wonderful gesture, the great speech, which seem to spring forth like acts of pure imagination, are distilled from a multitude of acts and words, the expressions of thousands of men, women, children, whom the artist has met, watched, listened to, studied, loved or fought against in confusion or with clarity. Without these he cannot live.

Second, the young writer should continually seek the company of other writers, talking of his craft, technical questions, ways to achieve effects, the handling of dialogue, description, etc. He should present his work for general discussion and line-by-line examination. In this way he can save himself days of solitary pursuit of some ideological or formal problem which a more experienced writer might help him solve in the course of an hour's talk. He will also develop his critical faculties to help him do this for himself, and finally for others. Only he must watch out that he does not become overcritical of beginner's errors in others, falling upon them like an irritated lion. The short story, novel, poetry and drama workshops of groups such as Contemporary Writers, which have been mentioned in recent issues of NEW MASSES, are excellent places for this invaluable work.

Third, the young writer has to read and study constantly—classic and contemporary works, novels, poetry, the arts. He should know enough of science at least to understand its character and method, its place and effect on the modern world. It seems almost superfluous to point out such an obvious matter, but I know that our writers do not learn half enough for their development. And the writer must read the great works of scientific revolutionary literature — Marx, Engels, Lenin, Stalin—for without these he will not really comprehend the world he strives to master and transform.

The primary thing is not how to write or what to write about. It is to develop as a human being, physically, imaginatively and intellectually, so that no matter what you write about will be infused with a revolutionary consciousness, saturated with knowledge and hatred of capitalism for its savage degradation of man and its destruction of his creative energy, infused with love at the sight of the agonies and triumphs of humanity.

Paging Max

"How about the Russians themselves? I should say: take the Russian position for what it is—don't underestimate its cynicism, don't overestimate its chances of success. Up to now in the UN debate on Palestine, the Russians have constantly backed the Arabs. Gromyko says he is backing them only on procedures, and reserves the questions of substance. Which is to say: the Russians are holding out to the Arabs a tempting offer to help them both against the British and against the Jews, but are warning that they will not sell their help cheap."

MAX LERNER in *PM*, page 2, April 30.

"ALL those who wish to see justice done the Jews must be deeply grateful to Soviet Delegate Gromyko for his statement to the UN General Assembly. The position taken by the Soviet Union removes the last obstacle to a constructive compromise solution of the Palestinian problem. That obstacle has been the insistence of dominant circles in the British government and their allies in the State Dept. that any program promising to satisfy Jewish needs and aspirations would throw the Arab world into the arms of the Soviet Union. The Gromyko statement has laid that bogey."

I. F. STONE in *PM*, page 2, May 16.

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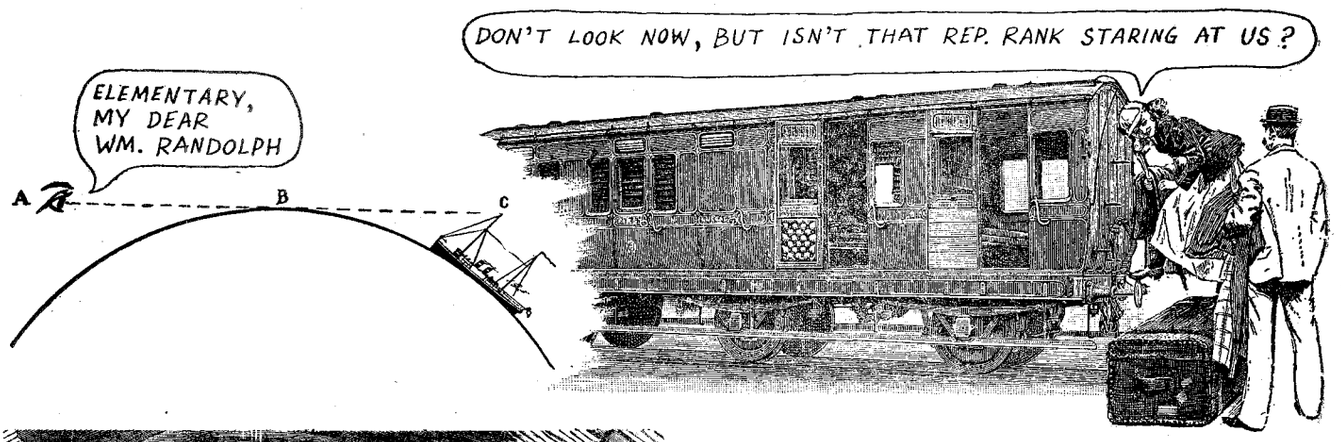
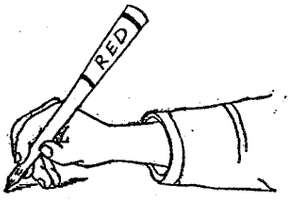
REPORT FROM AN AGENT OF THE FBI



Copy of The New Republic.
Lady with pocketbook in left hand.
Progressive gin rummy game being played.
Red pencil marking student's grade.

Girl boarding train with fellow traveler.
Russian wolfhound on a leash.
Pigeons parading in the park.
Apartment house shades drawn after dark.

Strike called out in the seventh inning.
Union suit flapping on a line.
Subway running underground.
Man who insists the world is round.



Lyrics by EVE MERRIAM • Decorations by HARARI

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SCHOOL AID: *Talk or Action?*

By CHARLES J. HENDLEY

SEVERAL bills to appropriate federal funds for schools have been introduced in the 80th Congress. The CIO Teachers' Unions are supporting what is known as the Taft Bill S472 and its companion bill in the House, the McCowen Bill HR 2953. These are the bills that have the backing of the National Education Association, representing the great majority of the public school teachers of the country, and of a great number of the leading educators, as well as many large and important civic groups. The Senate bill is sponsored not only by Taft but also by the majority of the Senate Committee on Labor and Education.

The CIO teachers, however, qualify their support by taking exception to one clause that permits states with laws allowing the use of tax funds for textbooks, bus service, and other services to parochial schools, to employ some of the federal funds for that purpose. The teachers think this will lead to endless complications and to a violation of the principle of the separation of church and state.

Bills to provide federal aid for the schools have been introduced in Congress for a decade or more. But none of them have got to first base, despite the fact that at numerous hearings many volumes of evidence have been presented on the needs of the schools, on the uneven distribution of the resources of the nation and the consequent disparity in the abilities of the states to maintain schools, and on the great inequalities in the educational opportunities of American children. Moreover, the poverty of the schools and the low pay of teachers in the wealthiest nation of all history is a national disgrace that has been widely publicized. It has become evident that there is critical need for the federal government to exercise its authority and use its vast resources to help improve the schools. It is an absolute necessity for the defense and the prosperity of the nation—to say nothing of the birthright of every child in a democracy.

One of the big political blocks that has been standing in the way of federal aid for schools is the Catholic Church. It has maintained a powerful lobby against it ever since it was first proposed. The leading arguments were that federal aid would inevitably lead to federal control of education, a dangerous step toward centralized tyranny, and that it would be discriminatory against the children in the parochial schools who, in the words of Cardinal Spellman, "are, after all, all America's children." Coupled with this line is widespread propaganda against the public schools on the grounds that secularism in education inevitably leads to atheism, which, by implication, leads to the devil and to hell! A right wing of the Protestants chimes in with this criticism.

HOWEVER, the Catholic lobbyists have recently changed their strategy. They have dropped the bogey of the dangers of federal control and moved boldly to get both federal and

From a Mexican poster, produced by the Taller de Grafica for the Teachers' Union, promoting the spread of educational facilities.

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state funds for their schools, despite the provisions in the federal and state constitutions for the separation of church and state.

Recently the Supreme Court undertook to clarify the relation of the church and state on education in a case that came up from the New Jersey courts and involved the payment of bus transportation of parochial school children out of public funds. There was unity and clarity in the Court on the unconstitutionality of the use of tax funds for the support of religious institutions. All three of the justices who expressed an opinion in the case made it clear that the founders of the government intended to make a complete separation of civil authority from religious activities. Conclusive proof that the founders expressed the will of the American people lies in the fact that every one of the forty-eight states incorporated a similar provision in its constitution. For more than 150 years the policies and traditions of both state and federal governments have been based on this principle.

But in the same decision in which the Court was so clear on the relation of church and state, it introduced confusion by a five-to-four ruling to uphold the legality of the bus service for parochial school children. Even Justice Black, who delivered the majority opinion, intimated that it was on the verge of unconstitutionality. Justices Jackson and Rutledge of the minority regarded it as a very definite breach in the wall separating church and state, and Rutledge predicted that other breaches would be attempted.

The modern school does supply services to children which are not directly related to education, but there is an insuperable difficulty in drawing the line of demarcation between services that are educational and those that are not. This is further complicated by the avid interest that has developed in "services" for children with the manifest intention of exploiting them to get substantial sums of tax funds for the support of religious schools. Among the bills before Congress is one that would appropriate $60,000,000 for "services," a proportionate share of which would be available for parochial schools for transportation of pupils, health services and "non-religious instructional supplies and equipment, including books." This phrase is flexible enough to include almost any supplies and equipment except prayerbooks, catechisms and the like. The same bill provides for the payment of funds directly to the parochial schools in such states as have laws preventing the state officers from making the payments. This would be a flagrant misuse of federal power to circumvent state constitutions, a move that would benefit the very interests that until recently were loudest in opposition to federal aid because of the dangers of federal control!

The interminable delay in making provision for the education of millions of children who are now virtually denied their right to it, and the determined drive to breach "the wall of separation between church and state" are phases of the reactionary trend of the times. The trend cannot be halted until democracy organizes a strong counter-offensive.

Mr. Hendley, now retired after many years of service in the New York public school system, was formerly president of the CIO Teachers' Union.

TWO POEMS BY LEOLIVE WATTS

Spring Wind in Harlem

A strong wind blows in the streets tonight,
Strong enough to lift the brown girls' heavy hair,
And it is good to feel the wind.

It blows warm into brown faces,
With the grime in it, with the dirt in it,
It is good to feel the wind.

It flings the heavy promise of fruition
Into the faces of young idlers
Whose eyes ravish the figures of timid girls.

It lifts hope from its burial-ground
Deep in the mind and flutters it madly
As it does the papers on the street.

And I am glad to feel the wind
In the hair, on the face, roving the streets, roving the body.
Yes, even here, it is good to feel the wind.

Death in Harlem

Death came and said
"My name is Jack, come show me where the 'super' lives."
And Janice went—
All eagerness and innocence and wonder.
Janice went—all friendliness and trust.
Janice was unafraid;
Though Death was a filthy boy, who came
whistling down the street.

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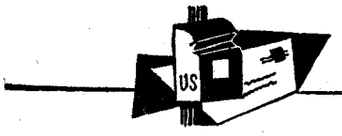
mail call



Birkhead vs. Magil

TO NEW MASSES: I am happy to accept your invitation to comment on Mr. Magil's criticism of Friends of Democracy in the March 18 issue of NEW MASSES ["How to Spot a Communist"].

Let me set Mr. Magil straight about the Friends of Democracy award to *Open City*, the magnificent Italian underground film. This award was made to honor a stirring documentation of a heroic people's struggle against tyranny and oppression. *Open City* was cited a "Friend of Democracy" because it demonstrates that man's inherent love of liberty is not dead; that the heroic qualities of the people are as great today as at any time in the history of the human struggle for freedom; that the dictators and their satellites lie when they declare democracy is a decadent institution.

I'm certain Mr. Magil viewed *Open City* with tinted glasses. Otherwise, he would not have missed the whole point of the picture. He would have realized that the underground struggle was a fight for democracy, and that men and women fought *not* because they were Communists or Royalists or Rightists or members of the clergy, but solely because they preferred to die on their feet rather than to live on their knees, if I may borrow the adage.

Even Mr. Magil agrees that the martyred Catholic priest is just as heroic a figure as Manfredi, the gallant Resistance leader, in the film. What Mr. Magil fails to perceive, however, is that Manfredi, who, Mr. Magil says, is a Communist, and the quiet, kindly priest, not a Communist, joined in the common struggle because the Nazis threatened their own liberty and the liberty of their countrymen. Certainly not because of either's religious or political views.

Simply because Friends of Democracy honored *Open City*, which has for its central character a man who Mr. Magil claims is a Communist, is no reason for us to try and read logic in Mr. Magil's ridiculous argument that one must be either anti-fascist *or* anti-Communist, and that one cannot, of necessity, be both.

A democrat (small "d"), one who believes in the equality of man, and his inalienable right to "Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness," can be—or, perhaps, *must* be—both anti-Communist and anti-fascist.

Friends of Democracy is unalterably opposed to totalitarian doctrines, whether it be totalitarianism on the extreme right, or totalitarianism on the extreme left.

It is rank nonsense on Mr. Magil's part to say that because Friends of Democracy is opposed to communism as a substitute for democracy, it follows the path of the fascists, the road from Goebbels to Gerald L. K. Smith.

While Friends of Democracy does not necessarily advocate legislation suppressing communism *per se*, it maintains the position that it is the duty of genuine liberals to identify Communists. Friends of Democracy further believes in the right to give a critical estimate of communism and Communists without being classed with the Red-baiters.

Since name-calling is a familiar device of the extremist, I am not surprised that Mr. Magil levelled the charge of Red-baiting against Friends of Democracy for issuing the guide titled, "Ten Ways to Identify an American Communist."

Yours for the democratic way of life,
New York. L. M. BIRKHEAD.

IF I had failed to perceive that the Communist, Manfredi, and the Catholic priest "joined in the common struggle because the Nazis threatened their own liberty and the liberty of their countrymen," I would indeed have missed the whole point of *Open City*. But since my article emphasized not merely the unique qualities of the Communists as expressed in Manfredi, but their participation with non-Communists in *common* struggle for *common* democratic aims, it is not I who missed the point.

However, I am more than happy to have Dr. Birkhead make clear beyond any possibility of doubt that the underground struggle in which Communists stood shoulder to shoulder with non-Communists "was a fight for democracy," that Communist and non-Communist men and women fought "solely because they preferred to die on their feet rather than to live on their knees"—an adage which the whole world has borrowed from the heroic woman who first uttered it, the Spanish Communist, Dolores Ibarruri (La Pasionaria). But logically he should also accept the implications of his own characterization of the role of the Communists. His letter, however, contains an astonishing *non-sequitur*: the statement that a democrat *must* be (the emphasis is Dr. Birkhead's), like the fascists, an enemy of a group that he himself concedes fought for democracy, the Communists.

Dr. Birkhead tells us that "Friends of Democracy does not necessarily advocate suppressing Communism *per se*." Perhaps we should be grateful for small favors. J. Edgar Hoover told the House Committee on Un-American Activities that he had "grave doubts as to the wisdom" of legislation outlawing the Communist Party and feared it might be unconstitutional. But who would think of calling Hoover a liberal and a friend of democracy?

I too believe in "the right to give a critical estimate of communism and Communists." I only wish such estimates weren't so rare as to be almost non-existent. But I don't think any genuine believer in democracy can afford to allow appeals to reactionary prejudice to be passed off as "critical estimate," or permit the cloak of liberalism to be drawn over that which feeds the Rankin-Thomas and Chamber of Commerce crusades against labor and civil liberties.

I repeat the question I posed in my article:

"No one asks liberals like Dr. Birkhead to embrace communism. But who compels them to embrace the Red-baiting of the fascists and to become finger-men for reaction?" A. B. MAGIL.

Unfair to *Reader's Digest*?

TO NEW MASSES: I have just read in the April 1 issue of NEW MASSES an article by Frederick Winters and Edmund Fuller in which comment is made on a study made in 1944 by the NAACP of Negro jokes appearing in *The Reader's Digest*, in which article the author concludes that "*The Reader's Digest* has established a definite policy adverse to the best interest of the Negroes."

Such a conclusion is distinctly unfair in that the editors of *The Reader's Digest*, when the NAACP study was placed before them, promptly ordered immediate cessation of publication of any humor derogatory to the Negro. That policy has been consistently followed during the past three years.

It would have been much more just had Messrs. Winters and Fuller taken the trouble of ascertaining the present policy of *Reader's Digest* with respect to Negro humor following submission of the study which the NAACP made. WALTER WHITE.
Secretary, National Association for Advancement of Colored People.

Has "Reader's Digest" changed its spots? Not so you can notice it, Brother White. We know of no other national publication which publishes — and consistently — so many "jokes" which libel the Negro people. A hasty spot check of recent issues showed that "Reader's Digest" still considers such material to be "of lasting interest." More lasting than its agreement with the NAACP, evidently. Looking over seven recent numbers of that magazine we found "humor derogatory to the Negro" in every issue: October 1946, *p.* 108; *November* 1946, *p.* 134; *December* 1946, *p.* 16; *January* 1947, *p.* 27; *February* 1947, *p.* 97; *March* 1947, *pp.* 46 *and* 52; *April* 1947, *p.* 75. —THE EDITORS.

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review and comment

THE GENTLE BUSH

Barbara Giles' fine novel shows a new spirit breaking through the hard crust of a dead world.

By THOMAS McGRATH

THE GENTLE BUSH, *by Barbara Giles. Harcourt, Brace.* $3.50.

THE world of the plantation South has always exercised a powerful influence on the imaginations of American writers. As a complete world in itself it is dead and gone, the conditions for its former existence having disappeared. At the same time, because it was not destroyed once and for all in the Civil War, but was only mortally wounded, it has remained an unburied corpse, poisoning the South and, to a degree, the rest of the country with its putrefaction. Writers dealing with it have used a number of strategies: glorifying it, as did Margaret Mitchell and the post-Civil War Southern novelists; like Faulkner, concentrating on the surface aspects, projecting an irrational violence as a symbol of the world; or attempting to present the progressive degeneration of the plantation world in terms of social forces. This last is the method of Barbara Giles in *The Gentle Bush.*

Yet this is an incomplete description of her method. One of the characters can say at one point that behind all the actions of the people with whom he moves there is "the glint of the dollar," or that they think only of "the land," but this does not define the characters nor the world which the author has created. There is nothing mechanical about their relationship to society; they are not static "examples" cut to fit a historical thesis, but are kept continually in motion. As a result there is nothing didactic about the novel, and the "gentle bush" of social change which, in the course of the story, splits the world of the Durels, carries the authentic bloom of the best fictional tradition.

The Durel family, the center of the book, is large. The author has obligingly set in the end pages of the book a genealogical table which takes care of the bewildering number of uncles and *tantes* from Charles Durel, the founder of the line, on down. Included also is a map of a section of the land along the Bayou Teche, including the town of Bienville, the plantations of Shadowdown and Des Roses and adjoining areas wherein the Durels move, "swamp aristocrats" who act as if their name might, instead, be God.

Their main props and supports are pride and memory, for the Durels have lost nearly all but their name. The only branch of the family which still has money is that of Agricole, Jr., son of Agricole, the black sheep of the family who had been kicked out of college for belonging to a society which held "improper" ideas and who married his mistress, prospered, became cynical and died. In the world of the Durels there is, besides Agricole, Jr. (the pompous and rather tyrannical father of Michel, Nicole and Alcee), Grandmere, a fine and kindly old woman, a "great lady" in the only way the appellation has any meaning, who practices piety as if she had a special talent for it "such as an ability to write poetry." Although forced to live in a mean house, after the death of her husband and the loss of the land, Grandmere feels free for the first time, but her feelings are not shared by her daughters, the *tantes* Lizette or Therese, nor by Uncle Adrien, a rather run-down Don Quixote who survives like a souvenir of the Civil War, dreaming of "honor" and "chivalry." There is also Felicie, daughter of Tante Lizette, who thinks that "they are all alike" and who, even as a child, is in love with Peter Boudreaux, a Cajun. There are the Cajuns themselves, of French extraction like the planters, survivors of the line of Evangeline who had been transported from Canada by the English and who are the sharecroppers and the poor whites of the bayou, despised almost as much as the Negro field workers by the planters.

The story begins with the arrival of Agricole Jr., Michel and his sister Nicole at the Shadowdown plantation on a certain Mardi Gras. At its broadest the story may be said to be that of Michel—who, it is feared, resembles his "terrible" grandfather—and of the things he has to "give up" during the Lenten season of his youth before he arrives at "a little piece of wisdom" gained through the loss of his sister, his birthright, and the death of a friend. He had never loved his domineering father, nor the plantation. Both Michel and his sister, while children, had experienced shocking scenes of violence against Negro plantation workers which, instead of hardening them into acceptance of the land and its "responsibilities," marked them forever. Michel attempts to escape into a law career, but is lured back by an unrealistic notion that he can "reform" the plantation when he inherits half of it at his father's death.

Nicole may be said to escape by dying, although this has a melodramatic sound which does not conform to the actual situation in the novel. Her death is, at any rate, a special case and one to which we will return. When Michel leaves the plantation, he becomes editor of the Bienville paper and political supporter of Peter Boudreaux. Despite the initial and frenzied opposition of the Durels, Peter has married Felicie, with whom Michel was in love. Peter is killed attempting to save an innocent Negro from a lynch mob. It is in the situation surrounding his death that Michel comes to his wisdom.

THIS is a bald and unbeautiful outline of a very fine novel. The only elements omitted in our synopsis are the really crucial ones, the elements which give the book its uncommon depth and satisfying perception. And

(*Continued on page* 29)

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WHAT PRICE MAGIC?

Barrows Dunham's penetrating expose of some superstitions vital to the ruling class.

By HOWARD SELSAM

MAN AGAINST MYTH, *by Barrows Dunham. Little, Brown.* $2.50.

NOT since Robert Forsythe, in the pages of the NEW MASSES a decade ago, flayed the follies and foibles of the ruling class has there been such a witty and penetrating and satirical dissection of reigning folly as in *Man Against Myth*. Only this time it is not the *mores* but the logic of the exploiters that comes in for pungent analysis; not their personalities and social life, but the intellectual quirks and twists necessary to maintain an irrational society. Professor Dunham uncovers these with a merciless and relentless scalpel, asking no quarter and giving none. He asks: what beliefs and doctrines of social significance are current today which run counter to scientific truth? His answer shows that these are precisely the myths perpetuated by and necessary to the continued existence of an exploiting class which has long since lost any logical reason for being.

Dr. Dunham's starting point is the fact that whereas at the dawn of the modern era it was the natural sciences which challenged the conceptions of the world on which feudalism rested, today it is the social sciences. It is in this field, therefore, that every effort is made, consciously or unconsciously, to deny that we can have a science of society, to distort the findings of such science, and in general to prevent such science from challenging the myths on which capitalist society rests.

> Bruno was burned and Galileo was threatened, not because they said true things about the world, but because the saying of true things about the world was incompatible with the lordship of aristocrats. . . . For Galileo to assert that the earth is a sphere rotating upon an axis, when feudal myth held it to be stationary and flat, was as "subversive" as for a sociologist to assert today that wars originate from the nature of capitalism.

Dr. Dunham analyzes the three main characteristics of our society which require myths to conceal or excuse them. They are, briefly, the deliberate denial of the abundance our technology makes possible, the gross inequality in the distribution of what we do produce, and the fact that the people of the United States do not control their national economy. He concludes:

> If you carefully examine these three conditions, you will discover that they are such as to make myths necessary. No one in his senses would, for example, deliberately reject a society of abundance, for that would mean rejecting good housing and food and clothing and medical care and education, all of which he now spends his life trying to get for himself and his family. If men are to be prevented from moving into a society of abundance, they must be dissuaded by certain doctrines which undertake to show either (1) that the goal is impossible to attain, or (2) that the goal is undesirable.

This is the function of the reigning myths. They are not mere illusions, out of accord with the facts, but hurting no one. They are dangerous to mankind as a whole but profitable to the ruling class so long as the rest of the community believes them. In fact, the most striking thing about the book as a whole is Dr. Dunham's extraordinarily keen and sensitive awareness of the active role of "unreason and false opinion," to use a classic phrase of the great Epicurus of old who so valiantly attacked the enslaving myths of the Greek world. The myth is not merely negative, as the author so well understands when he says "it assumes absurdities or implies them, and . . . it either paralyzes action toward a better world or stimulates action toward a worse one."

Further, it is not an accident that a professional philosopher writes such a book. The important myths of our society lie in the field of those wide and basic generalizations that constitute philosophy. Also, as Dr. Dunham expertly shows, they are rooted in time-honored philosophical errors. They are not mere inventions but rather relics found in the attic of human thought and now cleaned, dusted, and brought out into the market-place when their propaganda value is discovered. And because Dunham understands this he is able to throw considerable light both on the myths themselves and on the classic metaphysical traditions which still live on in them.

However, it is here that the book's greatest weakness lies. While the false philosophies behind the myths are skillfully exposed, nothing comparable is done with the true philosophy that expresses and underlies the scientific approach. For whatever reason, Dunham fails to give his reader a positive world-view, something more than simply standing on the side of science and having an orientation toward socialism. The absence of this positive theoretical approach has enabled a critic like Irwin Edman to ask why Dunham did not include "myths" that play into the hands of progressives such as "dialectical materialism" and the conception of religion as the "opium of the people." The only answer to this would have been a genuine analysis of religious beliefs and a serious presentation of modern materialism as that scientific world view of the labor and socialist movement which alone eliminates all myths from our thinking.

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Celebrating the 100th anniversary of Marxism, Dr. Howard Selsam, Director of the Jefferson School of Social Science, will participate in a forum on "Marxism and America" at Town Hall, Friday, May 23, at 8:30 PM. Others who will read papers include Howard Fast, Philip S. Foner, Harry F. Ward and Doxey Wilkerson. Tickets are available at Jefferson Bookshop, 575 Ave. of the Americas, N. Y.

Dr. Dunham's catalogue of myths is almost unexceptionable. They are both fundamental and all-pervasive, and are *myths,* contrary to the interests and likings of the book reviewers in the commercial press. The major ones treated are: "you can't change human nature," "the rich are fit and the poor unfit," "there are superior and inferior races," "there are two sides to every question," "thinking makes it so," "you cannot mix art and politics," "you have to look out for yourself," "all problems are merely verbal" and its corollary, "words will never hurt me" and "you cannot have both freedom and security." Any reader can check on these for himself, in discussion, in the daily press, in magazines and books, in the halls of Congress, and in the speeches of our representatives in the United Nations. Dunham's critique of them is witty and devastating. In one passage which deserves quotation in full he shows that these social myths of the twentieth century are comparable to the miracles of old.

> If, for example, a man with a "white" skin were really to be, for that very reason, more virtuous and more valuable than a man with a "black" skin, that would be a prodigy surpassing even Jonah's sojourn within the whale. If it were really true that biological evolution had toiled from the ancient Reptilia, through myriad intermediate forms of life, toward the ultimate creation of industrial magnates, that would be a miracle more astounding than ever Joshua achieved with the obedient sun. If it were really true that truth is what anyone thinks it is at any given time, or that problems can be solved by application to a dictionary, the entire world would become so thoroughly miraculous as to obliterate all means of recognizing anything, including the miracles themselves.

In my opinion the best section of the book is the chapters dealing with "semantics." Korzybski and Stuart Chase are given a drubbing as funny as it is thorough. The chapters called "Two Sides to Every Question" and "Thinking Makes It So" answer with acumen and rich irony many questions that perplex liberals. The latter chapter usefully shows the role of philosophical idealism in social life and also that solipism is its logical outcome. Dunham asks why we laugh at Bishop Berkeley, "whose chiefest sin was clarity, while we crown with praises men whose sins are hidden deep in the obscurity of their own thought?" Unfortunately, he fails to show here that John Dewey is the chief of these today.

Professor Dunham's ethical theory leaves something to be desired. There is a question whether he gets beyond Kantianism (see, for example, pp. 254f) and whether this provides him with a sufficient answer to those he criticizes. His statement of his philosophic indebtedness in the preface is too eclectic and personal to be meaningful. The putting together of Spinoza, Hume, Marx and Whitehead is, to say the least, bewildering. Finally, he lets slip, in one place, a conception of philosophy and its relation to the sciences that is positively medieval. To Anaxagoras' question as to how hair can come from what is not hair or flesh from what is not flesh, Dunham answers: "Evidence, as gathered by the sciences, seems to show that it does. But how does it? The answer lies beyond the sciences in philosophy" (p. 5). Fortunately, the book itself runs counter to such a metaphysical conception of philosophy.

Man Against Myth answers many contemporary arguments against labor and the progressive movement and answers them well. It exposes Red-baiting for what it is and castigates mercilessly those who would confuse the people in their struggle for a better world. The author's irrepressible wit and his zeal for turning phrases and playing upon words make the book seem lighter than it is. But let the reader beware! Before he knows it, while being delightfully entertained, he is in mortal danger of succumbing to the powerful virus of a scientific and hence radical approach to the contemporary world.

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sights and sounds

HOLLYWOOD SUN-STROKE

Selznick's deliriums on anthropology and love. Further movie sorties into concert and opera.

By JOSEPH FOSTER

HOLLYWOOD producers have always operated on the theory that the larger the ballyhoo surrounding a film, the more important a film can be made–to appear. With *Duel in the Sun* (Capitol) this type of thinking achieves its *reductio ad absurdum*. For weeks before the opening, the customary tocsins clanged the news of its coming. Tremendous ads screeched the imminence of its debut. The great day itself was announced in type of a size once thought to be reserved only for the Second Coming. And to continue this game to its final deceit, the film opened in no less than thirty-nine New York theaters simultaneously, with an admission charge of $1.25 even for the neighborhood houses.

Needless to say, the quality of the picture is inversely proportional to all the bruhaha. It is the loudest, most vulgar, most tasteless, and in some ways the most ludicrous film that Hollywood money has ever been able to buy. Apologists for the film industry have pointed out that this opus is chiefly the product of one man, David O. Selznick, who wrote it, shaped it, supervised and produced it. Even so, it is a product of *all* Hollywood, because such a film could only come out of our West Coast milieu, with all its banalities, absurd pretensions and purse-proud inanities. It is the logical fruit of the competitive free movie enterprise system. O. Selznick merely went his colleagues one better. He simply figured that if platitudes, degrading ideas, stale situations, mock characters made money, then gathering as many of such gems as possible into one picture was nothing less than business genius. The critics were pained by *Duel*, but, with rare exceptions, it is the kind of film they ask for. After sneering and barking at works like *Verdoux*, the most explicitly opposite in quality to the classic under discussion, what else do they expect to get? Attack the men of taste and you invite the clowns of culture.

It is not surprising that a film of such low taste should present a vicious attitude toward our minorities. A Negro maid is chosen for her part only because her voice has a high, child-like quality. She is the constant butt of Selznick's low-grade humor. She is made to utter the silliest observations. The simplest problems fatigue and confuse her. This is not only stereotype, but stereotype accompanied by coarse guffaws. It wouldn't surprise me if Selznick amused himself at home by giving his friends the hotfoot.

But his larger Nordic refinements express themselves in the manner with which he treats the principal character, a girl born of an Indian mother and a Southern aristocrat who has gone to seed. Her uncle is one of those hot-blooded, obstinate, forceful, opinionated cattle barons, head of a private army of cowpunchers, without whose smug virility the country west of the Alleghenies would still be a howling wilderness. This flower of the South and West, an obvious hero to O. Selznick, is constantly attacking the girl, sneering at her Indian blood, insulting her for not being all white, threatening to throw her contaminating body out of his pure house.

The love duel that supplies the film with the title is built out of the fact that the girl is torn between her good and wicked impulses. With the blood inherited from her cooch-dancing mother she is attracted to the evil brother, while with the blood bestowed upon her by her weak, though white, father, she falls for the upright brother. The situation is such as easily to have supplied Selznick with a theory as to how the blood came to be composed of red and white corpuscles. Be that as it may, her wild, or Indian, corpuscles always outmaneuver her gentle, or white, ones, and she is constantly throwing herself into the hay with the killer-brother. (What, I wonder, did they *really* have on *The Outlaw?*)

From the so-called creative and over-all view what Selznick wanted was to produce a deathless love classic. Now, all the great love epics, from Tristan and Isolda through Paolo and Francesca to Romeo and Juliet, are based upon frustration and unfulfillment. This idea must have trickled down to him in some fashion, so he follows the formula. But for the fact that the general movie treatment of every major theme is a travesty, Selznick's handling of this love theme could well be regarded as a resounding burlesque on classic love. As it is, it stands as one of the major obscenities of the screen. Torn by enmity and love, hero and heroine shoot each other full of holes. Then, covered by dirt and gore, they expire in each other's arms. Thus does Selznick fling his challenge in the teeth of Shakespeare.

"CARNEGIE HALL" (Winter Garden), Hollywood's tribute to culture, is also conditioned by the theory of numbers. If three musical celebrities are good for a film, then ten must be better. Consequently the parade of artists from wings to stage includes Walter Damrosch, Bruno Walter, Lily Pons, Jan Peerce, Ezio Pinza, Artur Rubenstein, Jasha Heifetz, Arturo Rodzinski, Piatagorsky and Rise Stevens, singing and playing the music of Beethoven, Delibes, Schumann, Tschaikovsky, Bizet, Saint Saens, De Falla, etc. The artists are presented without any particular inventiveness on the part of the producers, but the music comes over with fine clarity, and the closeups of Rubenstein, Heifetz, Piatagorsky and others reveal techniques, bowing and finger work in such fascinating detail as to provide a fresh experience in film imagery.

The film, of course, makes no pretense at giving a history of Carnegie

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Hall. Instead the building is photographed from every angle, brick by brick, with all the loving care of a horse owner presenting a Derby winner. A ridiculous plot, involving and embarrassing the artists with that incomparable movie touch, tries to give the film musical significance. Part of it must have been written by the Mad Hatter. A charwoman at the Philharmonic falls in love with and marries the soloist of the orchestra. The doorman acts as best man. You can continue it from there if you have nothing better to do. One would suppose from the stupefying amount of first-rate talent that the producers had a genuine love for good music, but that would be jumping to rash conclusions. Somewhere along the line they introduce the caterwauling of a modern dance band with all the reverence they display for Beethoven. For a conclusion to the film—what is regarded no doubt as a worthy summation to all that has gone before—they come up with a composition for piano, trumpet and orchestra, with Harry James playing the trumpet. You can mentally see the film makers loosening the stiff collars of pretense and finally settling down in comfort, for at last they are on familiar ground. Written especially for the film, the finale music has all the blatant qualities of the usual movie score. Trust the boys to do their revealing best at all times.

FOR a long time various groups of people have been toying with the idea of bringing opera to the screen, but it remained for a small company in Italy to bring it off. The *Barber of Seville* (Golden) is the result. Ferrucio Tagliavini, who had a recent debut at the Met., Tito Gobbi and others sing brilliantly. The work is presented in straight fashion, scene for scene, as it was probably presented at the Rome Opera House, the personnel of which is used exclusively in the film. This imitation, this scrupulous respect for all the traditional conventions of stage opera, however, is what constitutes its greatest defect as a film.

There is no doubt that opera can be exciting film experience. But to bring this about would require producers who understood the film medium as the Italian opera directors understand the opera. With the proper translation to the screen a work like *The Barber* would lend itself admirably to the medium. But the singers would have to be actors, dramatic char-

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acters in a moving narrative, not strutting figures before a camera lense. The sets would have to appear to belong to the world of the living, and *not confined to the limits of the proscenium.* An intelligent director who understood both music and film techniques, who could use the score as a means of communication among the characters, who would utilize the straight recitative sections as dialogue and who could make the characters as aware of drama as they are of notes, could do at least as much for opera as Laurence Olivier does for Shakespeare in his *Henry V*—if not more.

"THE MACOMBER AFFAIR" (Globe) is for the most part made straightaway from the Hemingway short story—*The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber.* As such it achieves a degree of honesty in man-woman relations that is exceedingly uncommon to the American screen. In the original story, the rich cowardly husband and the beautiful-but-beginning-to-fade woman are held together by money, inertia and a total lack of principles. Hemingway presents them as a study in cynicism, jealousy, cruelty and the resultant immorality bred by such relationships. These qualities come to the surface during an African safari. In the story the guide is a person of small consequence, a foil used by the wife against her husband; but in the film he is played by Gregory Peck, and hence is a man of much greater importance. This necessitates an altered relationship between him and the woman.

Finally the wife, with a brand-new love, and a new fear of her husband—engendered by his new courage found during the hunt—puts a bullet through her husband's skull while starting to aim for a charging buffalo. Psychologists describe such an action, I am told, as a purposive accident. The sort of thing people used to say was done "accidentally on purpose." The film stresses the accidental nature of the act so that the wife can clear herself with the African authorities, and be permitted to live with her dream man. She is thus transformed from a cynical, callous, selfish gal to a trusting innocent bride with stars in her eyes. The guide is somewhat transformed to accommodate the lady.

The film is full of excellent shots of jumping, charging animals and of expositional asides on the rules and ethics of the safari.

MUSIC

THE American-Soviet Music Society, in one season, has become a force in New York musical life, providing its audiences with fresh musical experiences and a liberal education. Its programs have ranged from contemporary chamber works to folk and choral music, and its last concert was devoted to music for cinema, ballet and drama. The high points of an entertaining evening were Jerome Robbins' lighthearted ballet "Summer Day," to music of Prokofieff performed by Ray Lev, and Louis Gruenberg's music to the movie *The Fight for Life.* The low point was Gail Kubik's musical drama *A Mirror for the Sky,* the kind of music which distorts the valuable idea of using American folk themes by drowning it in molasses. The ballet "Yerma," by Valerie Bettis, to a theme by Lorca, and music by Leo Smits, had some fine moments, but suffered from a vague symbolism, and a too static, unrhythmic quality in both dance and music patterns. Most important, however, was the guiding theme of the entire concert, which was a revelation of the variety and power of modern music when applied to dramatic public spectacles. The programs of this society should be followed by anyone interested in good cultural relations between our country and the Soviet Union, and in the new experiences and stimulating ideas that can come out of a union of two democratic cultures.

S. FINKELSTEIN.

THEATER

DELUDED intellectuals who still think that reaction will discriminate in its offensive and deal indulgently with culture, sating itself on trade unionists and radicals, should do some thinking on the meaning of this year's Pulitzer awards. According to the Pulitzer committees, which are officially anonymous but whose bias is as plain as an NAM button on their lapels, American journalism has turned up nobody worth honoring, in the past year, except labor-baiters, Red-baiters and war provocateurs.

But no award was given in the theater, for to its great honor the American stage has turned up no play reactionary or corrupt enough to satisfy

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the Pulitzer judges in this year of reaction's orgy. Every play that, by the pious and ignored terms of the Pulitzer will, could have been considered a candidate was at least tinctured with progressive social content. In addition to Arthur Miller's *All My Sons*, already chosen the year's best play by the Drama Critics' Circle, there were *Years Ago, Another Part of the Forest, Temper the Wind, Call Me Mister* and *Finian's Rainbow*.

When the best was so obviously the progressive, a committee of reactionaries had no alternative but to withhold the award. This became the highest honor the Pulitzer committees could bestow. And this honor reveals the theater as one of the brightest spots in the American cultural picture for this dreary Truman year.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

"The Gentle Bush"

(*Continued from page* 23)

these elements are involved in the body of the work, as in a good poem, with a finality which makes it difficult to extricate them without doing violence to the whole. However, we may try a few instances to make our point.

There is the case of Nicole. She is a pretty, pampered child, the beloved of her father, Agricole, Jr. Intelligent, witty and volatile, she cares only for Michel and herself, but at the same time she is not meanly selfish. Without ever being a rebel, she does not belong in the world of the plantation. And yet to others, to old men like her Uncle Adrien, she is a memory out of their album of "chivalry and honor," a "flower of the old South." She is a contradiction, both of and not of the world of the swamp, of the plantation. To Michel she is the "best," and perhaps, in a sense, for that reason she has to die: she is too good for the corrupt and violent world which produced her. She has already been poisoned by that world. As a child her Negro nurse had been severely punished for having slapped her and this violence, and her feeling of guilt at having set it off, is a traumatic experience from which Nicole is unable to escape. At times she feels she has done penance for it: she was ill until the nurse was forgiven. But the illness pursues her like a curse. She can never quite escape it, and the fatal attack brings her a kind of wisdom also: the terror which she has felt has its habitation in the big house. This whole

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From Month to Month:
Palestine and the U.N.
Un-American Activities
Immigration to Palestine
Wrong Company
Some Never Learn
Keep Church and State Separate *by Moses Miller*
Palestine Visited *by G. Koenig*
Epilogue to "The Merchant of Venice" *a poem by Arnold Zweig translated by John Manifold*
Youth Among the Psychiatrists *by Morris Holtman*
Four Vignettes, *from a novel by Sid Schumann*
The Militant Spirit of Jewish Labor, II, *by Morris Schappes*
Middle Class Anti-Semitism, *a book review by Louis Harap*
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passage leading up to the death of Nicole is one of the finest and most exciting in the book. It is exciting, if for no other reason, because it is so extremely difficult—the whole chapter is the kind of tight-rope performance to which we referred, and it succeeds completely in avoiding the sentimentality and bathos which are the special dangers inherent in the material.

Or we may consider the culmination of the novel in the death of Peter Boudreaux. Boudreaux is a Cajun, but he is a rather special case. Even when he is a boy he speaks of "telling on" the planters, and it is this rebelliousness and sense of direction which attracts to him both Felicie and Michel. Peter becomes a lawyer of some promise and goes into politics when Teddy Roosevelt and the Bull Moose movement begin to shake even the solid South with talk of a new deal for the poor. Michel, having left the plantation to edit the paper in Bienville, gives Peter his support. The auguries seem to indicate a distinguished career for Boudreaux. Yet it is just at this period, when he seems on the threshold of success, that Peter begins to lose his grip on reality. The old militancy has given place to dreams of more "realizable" goals, and Peter seems satisfied that the political platform of the progressives is a proper substitute for his earlier notions. He has become careful enough so that, at first, he would like to avoid making much of an issue over the case of the falsely-accused Negro.

To Felicie and Michel it seems that he has "forgotten" something, some "piece of wisdom" which he once held, and in a scene which has a significance beyond the plane of the novel they question him. Michel has arrived at a point where he sees the political campaign as indecisive. His demands have become radical in the fullest sense: he wants to destroy the swamp altogether, but neither he nor Felicie have the secret. They can recite the litany of wrong, condemning the plantations and their dead lives, but they have nothing to balance against this negation.

Later when Peter goes down to try to save the Negro, he tells Felicie, "I have forgotten nothing." In a way, it is for this that he dies. It is because he has *not* forgotten the essential wisdom that the insulted and injured cannot forever tolerate the world of the rich and the mighty that the planters kill him as surely as by putting a gun to his head. But he also dies for

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a contradictory reason—because he had momentarily forgotten, in the world of politics and compromise, or had remembered too late, the source of his strength, which was from his own people.

Even these sketchily exegized examples are enough to indicate that one workable tactic in examining the book would be an analysis of the use of the device of irony. It is properly used here, not as the sentimental attitudinizing of the Romantic ironist, nor as a technique for avoiding judgments. The irony here arises out of an understanding of contradiction and it enriches the novel immensely, creating a complex where meaning is multiple, so that frequently passages work in several contexts at once. It is perhaps also one of the sources of the author's control—there is no suspicion here of the "fallacy of expressive form" which, assuming that content automatically creates form, puts the writer at the mercy of his material.

The Gentle Bush is primarily a novel of consciousness. There is as much violence in it as in some of the work of Faulkner, but most of it is kept under the surface. This serves the purpose of keeping the point of view pretty consistently on the interior worlds of the Durels, and it results in a book which places real people "in imaginary gardens." This has been a general preoccupation of the best writers, but the result may seem rather startling in a time when a vulgarized behavioristic psychology has been producing animated examples of textbook experiments full of heroes and heroines truncated like some of the classical statues so that their thinking processes seem to end somewhere around the belt line. However, Miss Giles' emphasis upon affective elements cuts two ways and leaves the reader with the feeling that certain areas are under-dramatized.

It should be plain enough at this point that the book is a very fine one, a definitive picture of a world complete with a gallery of characters each remarkable in one way or another. A final element of value in the work is the style. It is not only functionally excellent, having in it all the resources for irony, drama, description and humor which the author requires; it is also beautiful as a thing in itself, as delicate, complex, subtle and strong as the novel. We can all be proud of this book by a former associate editor of NEW MASSES.

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